

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD!

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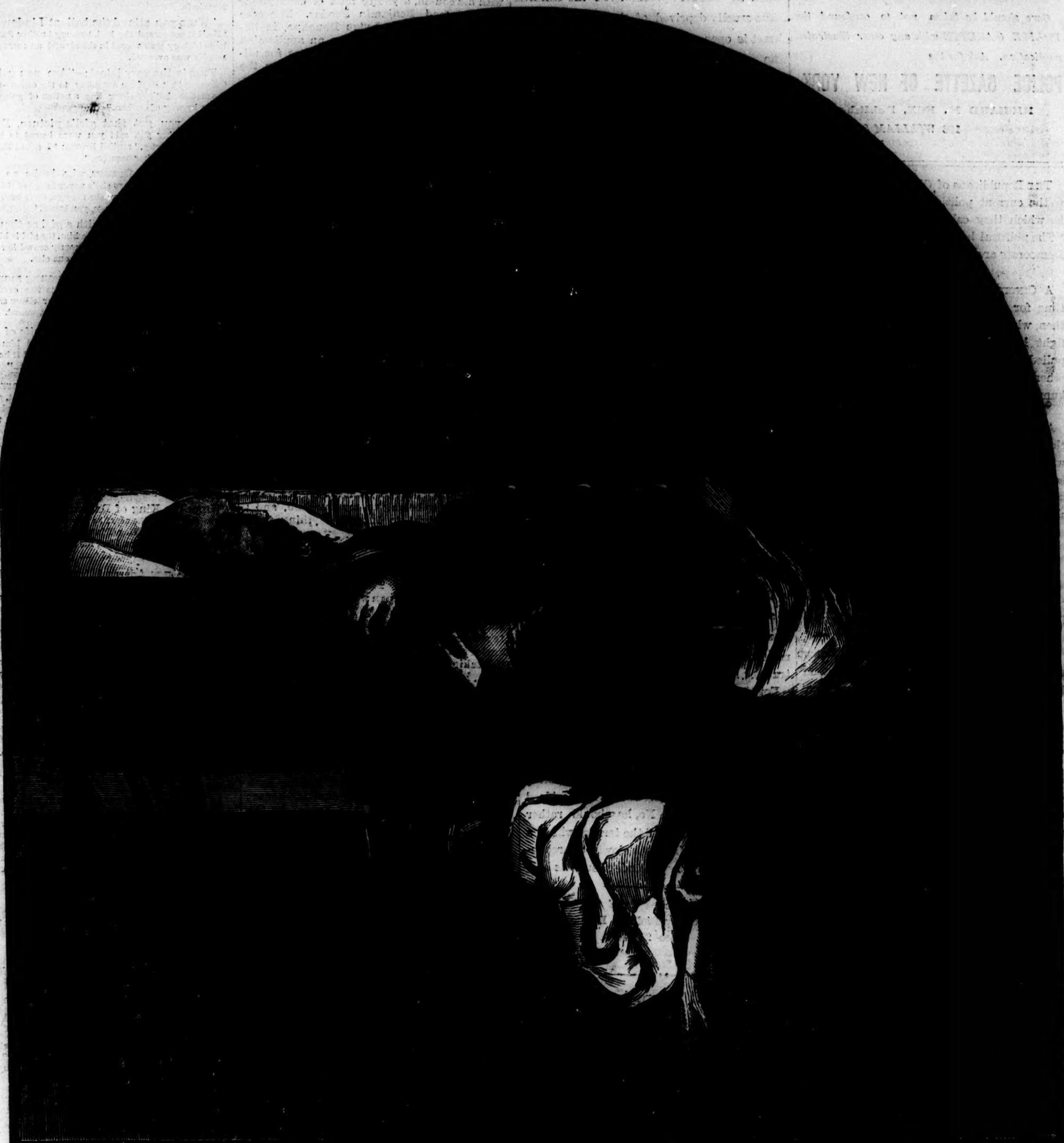
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THE VIGIL WITH DEATH.

MRS. GARFIELD'S LONELY DEVOTIONS AT HER MURDERED HUSBAND'S BIER—A WIFE'S GRIEF
IN WHICH THE WHOLE CIVILIZED WORLD SHARES.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.
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THE Republicans of Ohio have contributed to the current political literature a circular in which they call the Democratic party "The political harlots of assignation." The Democrats are yet to be heard from.

A CINCINNATI girl spent all her leisure time for three years in learning to box; and then, when she got married and wanted to fight her husband, she went at him and pulled hair and scratched the same as any other woman would. You can't make over human nature.

A CAMP-MEETING at Lake Pleasant, Mass., closed with a masquerade ball. Next they will open with a horse race, and then it will be a go-as-you-please. If they would work in a little variety business, and give a balloon ascension, we don't see why camp-meetings should not become quite popular in time.

A CHICAGO man visiting Cincinnati was being shown around by a citizen who said, "Now let's go and see the Widow's Home." The Chicago man put his finger by the side of his nose and winked, and then he said, "Not much, Mary Ann. I saw a widow home once and it cost me sixteen thousand dollars. She sued me for breach of promise, and proved it on me. No, sir, send the widows home in a huck."

GIUSEPPE REBELLO, alias Esposito, the New Orleans fruit-seller, who was arrested and brought to New York City some time ago has been declared to be the famous Italian bandit by United States Commissioner Osborne, and ordered to be surrendered to the Italian Government for extradition. If he is the murderer, this country is well rid of him, but if he is, as he claims, a fruit vender, that fact will be conclusively proven when he reaches Italy.

LAWYER WILLIAM H. MUNDY, who recently started five thousand suits against liquor dealers in New York city, is having his hands full. Several suits have already been dismissed, and as the facts are nearly the same in all the cases, the others will probably be dismissed in rapid succession. Lawyer Mundy should remember that he who sows to the wind will reap the whirlwind. It is probable that Mundy will regret not having taken the advice of a prominent pugilist of this State, who told him last spring that if he knew when he was well off, he would not bring the suits. The result will justify what the pugilist then told him.

A NATION'S SORROW.

The end has come, and Azrael, whose dim shadow has hovered for weeks past over the stricken form of the beloved Chief Magistrate, has claimed President James A. Garfield for his own. A nation sorroweth and all hearts are bowed down by the great grief which has covered the country as with a black cloud. To the stricken wife, who, through all the long and weary days which have elapsed since the President was shot, has striven to nurse to life the wan strength, the most sincere sympathies are extended. She has, indeed, been a ministering angel to the sufferer who has tossed on a bed of anguish and pain, and her loving care and bright presence cheered her beloved husband and gave him the strength to fight off the destroying angel when he was sore pressed. To the children thus cruelly deprived of their father, every heart is open and henceforth the people of the great Republic, collectively and individually, will regard themselves in duty bound to extend to them the care and loving affection which the great heart of their dead father would have freely given them. Mrs. Garfield will henceforth be the widow of the nation; her children the children of the State.

And when the earthly casket, which in life enshrined the immortality of James A. Garfield, is laid away beneath the greenwood sward, a nation's tears will water the flowers on the newly made grave, and a nation's voice will echo the prayer of the dead President, "God bless the little woman."

Nor will this people forget her, who, through the pains of travail, gave to the country the son the people have delighted to honor; her to whom that son gave the wealth of his heart's affections, and whom he first kissed after taking the solemn oath of office and fealty to the constitution. Now and henceforth, when her heart is withered and her aged form, bent with years, is bowed with its heavy cross, it will be the Nation's pleasure to lighten her cares and in every way possible to smooth her declining years till she passes from the here to the hereafter and goes to meet her son in "that bourne whence no traveler returns."

For the miscreant who has caused the Nation to grieve, we have no words sufficient to express our condemnation. We leave him to the torture of his own distorted imagination and the punishment the law will surely mete out to him. We are not of those who believe that Guiteau should be sacrificed to the fury of a mob. No, he should rather be permitted to suffer all the terrors which a knowledge of certain death slowly approaching has to the diseased minds of such as he.

READ the Secret Biography of the Assassin, Guiteau, published by Richard K. Fox, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*. Price 25 cents, by mail 30 cents.

Exit Cremation.

One blessing that the hot spells of this year have brought along is that they have put an end to the talk about cremation. People have been so thoroughly roasted under the rays of the sun, while still in full enjoyment of life, that any suggestion of being burnt in a heated oven after death has been hooted down with indignation. This season Dante has really become the universal poet of mankind; for a hell of ice-fields seemed, and to some extent still seems,

rather a relief from earthly sufferings than otherwise. There was some talk not long ago, while the cold spell of last winter was still upon us, of starting cremation societies through the country, and, if we are not mistaken, a subscription was started to build an experimental human bakery; but for the last three months not a word has been heard on the subject. In Europe, too, where cremation has for some years been spasmodically the subject of philanthropic and scientific discussion, that topic has been tabooed from literature and conversation this season. There was more comfort in the idea of lying in the cool ground.

WHAT THE COOK SAW.

A Wife Accused of too Much Love and Affection for her Cousin.

Charles E. Bresler, a wealthy merchant of New York City, has brought a suit in the Supreme Court for a divorce from his wife, Minna, charging her with improper intimacy with his cousin, a young man of twenty-four years, named Benjamin Faeder. The case was recently before Judge Donohue, in Supreme Court Chambers, upon an application on behalf of the wife for an allowance for alimony and counsel fee. It appears from the papers filed upon the application that Mrs. Bresler is now 35 years old, while her husband is 65. They were married in October, 1865, though she had lived with him as his wife for seven years prior to that time, and had been in his family since she was 10 years old. They have seven children, the eldest being 19. Mrs. Bresler declares that her husband has had detectives watching her for a long time. She denied very earnestly having had any improper relations with Mr. Faeder, who, she says, is engaged to be married to her daughter Rosa, 16 years old. All the improper acts charged against Mrs. Bresler are claimed to have occurred when she was accompanied by her daughter, and the latter joins with her mother and Mr. Faeder in their denial of the accusations. Mr. Bresler says that he lived happily with his wife until 1876, when he learned that she had been unduly intimate with Richard Hoffman, a piano teacher who was employed to give lessons to the children. She confessed, he says, that she was very intimate with and loved Hoffman, but denied any criminal intimacy. She gave him a paper in which she declared:

"I have given my whole love to Richard Hoffman, and that for that reason I have no further love for my husband; that I no longer wish to act and enforce my rights as a mother over our children. Therefore I have agreed that an application for a divorce should be made, to which both of us have agreed. The children are to belong to my husband, and I release my right to inherit anything from them."

They afterward became reconciled, but in October, 1879, on her return from Ems, he accidentally found in her possession letters written by Hoffman. Then he discovered that in 1877 she and Hoffman were together at Ems. About this time Benjamin Faeder, a relative, came to Leipzig from Philadelphia to pursue his musical education, he being a violinist. Mr. Bresler left Leipzig for New York in September, 1880, taking his two youngest daughters, the eldest, Rosa, refusing to accompany him. On his return he found that mother and daughter had left with Faeder, taking with them silverware and plate worth \$3,000. Mrs. Bresler's jewelry, worth \$5,000, and \$2,000 cash.

A large number of affidavits were offered on behalf of Mr. Bresler that, while at Leipzig, Faeder and Mrs. Bresler were very intimate; that they were seen by the cook kissing each other in the kitchen and in the summer-house; that Mrs. Bresler "would take Faeder by the neck and throw her arms around him, after the fashion of lovers." A letter written by Faeder to a friend is given, in which he says:

"I wish this trouble between the B.'s would end. I got myself mixed up in the affair and don't know how to get out of it. I suppose what can't be cured must be endured. Please don't say anything to nobody."

Judge Donohue gave Mrs. Bresler \$80 per week for alimony and \$1,000 for expenses.

WHY HE WOULDN'T "STAND UP" WITH THEM.

An amusing incident occurred in one of the early "all night" cars in Cincinnati, last week, which furnished enough merriment to warm up every passenger who was near enough to hear it. "I've just been out to Lickrun," a young man remarked. "You know Jim's to be married next Tuesday," he continued, by way of explanation. "Well, he asked me to stand up with him, and wanted me to pay half of the expenses of the hack ride. I told him I wouldn't do that for my own brother. Why, I'd have to work two or three days to make it up. I guess I'll go to the wedding, but I believe going as one of the rest of the fellows 'll suit me."

SEASONING.

ASK a woman how old she is if you want to see her show her rage.

JAMPULL is the name of a Colorado town. Some of the citizens spell it with a capital D.

"Are you lonely to-night, Miss Ida?" "No, sir; I wish I were lonelier." And he bade her adieu.

AN Iowa man named Deep is the happy father of triplets. Those babies are "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

"It is only after long reflection that I go to an entertainment with any young man," said the maiden to her mirror.

A NEW hired girl was asked if she had any experience as a wet nurse; she said she hadn't, but that she could soon learn.

"WHOSE cats are those?" shouted an irate bachelor, as he poked his head out of the back window. "They are Tommies!" replied his facetious neighbor.

BEFORE marriage a young lady frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband, she looks upon him as "her treasurer."

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his servant girl. "It is full on the bottom," she replied, "but there is none at all on top."

FOURTEEN women are credited to Marvin, the polygamist, and yet there is not a bald spot on the top of his head. That is the species of matrimonial hair-pin Marvin is.

"WILL you attend the ball at Linden Hall?" "No, I'll not attend the ball, but my brother Paul—" a huge hickory club waved in the air and an outraged comrade was avenged.

"THIS is the very latest:—"Are you going to the ocean?" "No, I am not going to the ocean—I detest the motion; but my sister has a notion of going to the ocean by way of Goshen."

"DID you get that girl's picture, Brown? You remember you said you were bound to have it." "Well, not exactly," replied Brown; "I asked her for it and she gave me her negative."

MISS BLANCHE STREET, who looks so sweet, and dresses so neat, says she's never heard of the ocean's feet, but, no matter where she may go, she's sure to hear of its under-toe! "So strange, you know!"

WHEN a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, she is the sister of some one else.

THE number of one-armed young men seen driving out with young ladies these fine evenings, is truly appalling. An old soldier at our elbow says that one arm is invariably lost during an engagement.

AN Irishman wrote thus to his wife of a sick brother: "If Jamie isn't dead yet remind him of the twenty shillings he owes me on the pigs, and if he is, tell him not to give himself any consreren about it."

ONE can't be too careful with firearms. A Marathon boy carried a pistol in his coat pocket, and one day recently, while he was in swimming, the pistol unexpectedly went off. He has no suspicions as to who took it.

"HOW did you like the hymns?" he asked his city cousin as they left the church. "One of them was just splendid," she replied. "Ah, which one?" "The one in the next pew, with black curly hair, and such killing black eyes."

WHEN the King of Dahomy was in the English settlement on the coast he saw an officer having his boots blacked. The King didn't happen to have any shoes on, but he walked up and had his bare feet polished. He could sling style with any of 'em.

LITTLE LUCY fell and hurt her knee badly, which her mother, when she went to bed in the dark, tried to bandage. Soon the little one was heard calling: "Mamma," said she, "this bandage is not in the right place. I fell down higher up."

A YOUNG widow has married again. An old friend of the family reproaches her discretely: "I am sure, my dear," he says gently, "that you have not chosen as wisely as you might have done; had your poor dear husband only been alive he would never have let you make such a match."

CONFIDING love: "Charlie, have you got a hooked nose?" "Yes, darling," answered Charley, smiling. "I'm afraid it is a little liable to that criticism." "Well, I never should have noticed it," she added, indignantly, "if that horrid Sprigg girl across the way hadn't told me to ask you if you wouldn't like to sell it for a siphon."

A CALIFORNIA girl read an item which stated that buttermilk would remove freckles, and having sixteen on her nose, she concluded to try the experiment. As nothing was said as to the application—whether to be applied externally or internally—she used the milk bath way. At last accounts one freckle had started to go away, notwithstanding the fact that nearly four gallons had been used.

MISS FLORA MCFLIMSEY MACVEAGH
Went sailing in Wallabout Beach;
When her lover he met her, upset her, and wet her.
All over with salt ocean's spray.
Miss Flora she thought it right rough,
And called her bold lover a mough;
But her lover he caught her and taught her that water
Like women, is unstable stough.

"IT may be months, darling, before we meet again," he said, squeezing her hand as if that grip were his last; "mountains and valleys will divide us, forests and prairies, perhaps the river of death itself. Can I do anything more than I have done to make you cherish my memory and keep your love for me unchanged?" "Oh, yes," she exclaimed, choking down her sobs, "buy me a box of tortoise-shell hairpins before you start."

THEY were standing just by the front gate of the old farm house, Farmer Robinson leaning on the gate post. "Well, miss, I hope you've enjoyed yourself this summer. We hasn't put on much style for you, but we've meant to treat you sort o' so so." "Don't mention it, pray," replied Miss Fitzroy. "It's been the most delightful season I ever knew. Why, I've learned so much about farming that I really believe I shall set out some cucumber trees in the conservatory and have them fresh for breakfast all winter."

FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

WOMEN WHOSE LOVES HAVE RULED THE WORLD.

CHAPTER III.

AN EMPEROR'S AMOUR.

At the commencement of the present century there was a wealthy speculator in Paris, named De la Plaigne. His wife ran a private gaming house, sanctioned by the fashion of the time, and had more admirers than her husband, unless the gossip of the day did her injustice.

They had a daughter, born on January 15th, 1787, and christened Louise Catherine Eleanore Dennelle De la Plaigne, upon whom they wasted little love. A brunette to perfection, black-eyed, raven tresses, and with a superb complexion, this young woman was also a natural wit, clever, well educated, and of a passionate nature.

In 1804, Louise met at the theatre a Lieutenant in the Thirteenth dragoons, named Ravel. Ravel was thirty-three years old, a dissipated, handsome rake, impoverished by his excesses, and a godson, moreover, of the father of Mirabeau, the great orator. He fell in love with the beautiful brunette at sight, gambled himself into her mother's good graces by losing all the money he could beg, or steal to her, and became her favorite.

On January 15th, 1805, he succeeded in persuading Madam Campan, at whose school Eleanor, as she was called, was being educated, to permit him to marry her. The wedded disenchanted her. She discovered her husband to be a worthless scamp, and when, on March 17th, Sorel, the famous restaurateur, had him arrested for forging the draft he had given him in payment of the wedding breakfast, she discarded him.

On August 12th he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Dourdan, and Eleanor cast him off for good, and, having been discarded by her own people, who were probably glad to be rid of her, entered the service of Madame Murat, who had been a schoolfellow of hers, as reader.

On January 26th, 1806, Napoleon returning from the campaign of Austerlitz, and the peace of Presbourg, laden with captured standards, entered Paris. On the 28th he breakfasted with his favorite sister Caroline, whose husband, Murat, was then Governor of Paris.

His sister had a complaint to make to him. Murat had fallen so desperately in love with her reader, the fair Eleanor, that his wife was jealous, and invoked her powerful brother's interference.

"Let us see the woman," said Napoleon.

She was summoned. Napoleon saw her to be fascinating and intelligent, and—as his sister doubtless thought he would—took her out of Murat's way for his own possession. Duroc conducted Mme. Revel the same day to the Elysee, and Madame Murat had her fickle lord to herself again till he found a new idol to render homage to.

Napoleon never wasted time in his amours. On January 30th the hotel adjoining the Elysee was bought, a bonus being paid the occupant to quit it within a week, and Mme. Revel was established there.

On the 18th day of February she sued for a divorce because of her husband's infamy. Revel made no opposition in consideration of a full pardon, reinstatement in his rank in the army, with an unlimited leave of absence on full pay, and a round sum in cash. Consequently, on April 20th Mlle. Dennelle received her decree, and on December 13th, 1806, she gave birth to a son, inscribed two days later at the Mairie of the Second Arrondissement as "Leon, born of Mle. Eleanore Dennelle and an unknown father," the said declaration bearing signed by the Steurs Ayme, treasurer of the Legion of Honor; Andral, surgeon of the Invalides, and Marchais, obstetrician.

The Emperor took the child from its mother, and in 1808, Mme. Revel married Lieutenant-Colonel Philippe Angier de la Saussaye, "with the consent of his Majesty," who signed the contract and gave as a wedding gift an annual pension of 25,000 francs, the nominal giver being M. Aubry, a member of his household. Mme. de la Saussaye accompanied her husband as far as Bavaria on the Russian campaign. At the battle of Moskva he was killed.

His widow, who was all the rage at Munich, having fascinated every one, from King Maximilian-Joseph down, married again, her third husband being the King's Chamberlain, Count Charles Emile Henri de Luxembourg, a major of artillery. This was on the 25th day of May, 1814, when Napoleon was at Elba.

The child Napoleon spoke of in his memoirs, his correspondence and in his will.

"It was," says Constant, "his first; it resembled him as one drop of water resembles another; never did he love a woman as he had Mme. Eleanore." Just before taking the

field, in 1812, he assured Leon's future by settling an annual income of 30,000 francs upon him, confiding him to the care of the faithful Baron de Menneval. In these hands Leon lived quietly for some years. But his mother's first husband scented profit in him and made up his mind to secure it if he could.

Revel had been in 1800 promoted to a captaincy, and in 1812 retired. He was not heard of till 1814, when, having no longer to dread the anger of the head of the State, and imagining that the nature of his suit would provide for him popular sympathy under the new regime, he instituted an action to set aside the divorce of 1806 and give him the custody of Leon, then eight years old and in the keeping of M. de Mauvieres, Baron de Menneval's father-in-law.

He called for popular sympathy in a foul pamphlet which he had printed and circulated wherever he could find a taker for it. This pamphlet was called "Bonaparte and Murat. The Wrongs of a Young Wife. Paris: 1815; Quarto." In it he claimed to be the real father of the Imperial bastard, and demanded possession of him. He argued in substance:

"The divorce was granted April 29, and my wife gave birth to a son on the 13th of December following; therefore, that son may, I say may, not must, be mine, and therefore they should place him in my custody, and allow me to administer his fortune. Oh, I know all you are going to say. My absence; my imprisonment; the rape of my wife by the Emperor. But the law is formal and inexorable, sir, and if I am declared not to be that child's father, then my wife should be punished for adultery. That is my case and I am refused a hearing."

He secured one, finally, on December 15th, 1815, but after the publication of his "Bonaparte and Murat," no decent lawyer would touch it; so Revel conducted the case himself, December 15th, 22d and 29th. Mme. de Luxembourg, who had recovered sufficient interest in her son to desire not to see him come to harm, secured counsel to defend him. The fight kept up, with all sorts of delays, appeals and the like, until Revel died in 1842.

Up to that time he stuck to it like wax. He published a fresh pamphlet every time the trial came up, such as "New Proofs in the Case of Madame Revel; Paris, 1816;" "Disavowal of the Paternity of Leon, Natural Son of Napoleon Bonaparte; Paris, 1821;" "Divorce Abetting Adultery; or, Law Under the Empire; Paris, 1822;" "Proceedings Before the Cour de Cassation; Paris, 1822;" and still others. He haunted the Palais de Justice, where he became a fixture.

He was a stout and solidly-built little man of gracious manners, neat as a pin, of regular features, brown face surrounded by close-cropped whiskers, and surmounted by a luxuriant head of jet-black hair, wearing with ease and dignity the costume affected by the well-to-do bourgeois of the Restoration; a low-crowned, broad-brimmed beaver hat, a high muslin cravat, of which the embroidered ends fell over a pique waistcoat, showing an ample shirt front adorned with a costly diamond pin, cuffs as ample, shoe-buckles of great size, bluish pantaloons, and olive coat of high collar, from the tail pockets of which, on the slightest provocation, he would produce a pamphlet.

He lived meanwhile by extorting money from his wife, who paid him whatever he asked to keep him quiet, up to the time he died. Leon also advanced him a little money for a time.

If Leon was not Revel's son he should have been, for he was a companion scamp. His parentage was well known in Paris, and he went in good society. On October 24, 1832, he fought with Mr. Hess, an aid-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington, in the Bois du Vincennes, and shot him through the body. This was the brightest page of his career.

He became a colonel of the National Guard, but unsuccessful dabblings in politics, silly liaisons, reckless incurring of debts and participation in the most rascally commercial enterprises of the epoch forced him to resign. He was repeatedly imprisoned, and finally ran through the last penny of the estate of 30,000 francs a year bequeathed him by his father.

Up to this time he had been on good terms with both his mother and her first husband. But Madame de Luxembourg and her husband were fast livers, and had only a couple of hundred thousand francs securely invested to keep them alive; so they were unable to help him to the money he demanded from them when he went broke.

Then at Revel's suggestion, he undertook to extort what they would not give. He commenced suits against them and kept them up, until, in July, 1842, the Royal Court declared him the illegitimate son, by an unknown father, of Eleanore Dennelle successively divorced wife of Revel (absent at the time of legal conception), widow of General Augier de la Saussaye and wife of Count Henri de Luxembourg. This threw the support of him upon his mother, and Leon obtained an alimentary pension of 6,000 francs a year from her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An enraged belle at White Sulphur Springs bit the cheek of a young man at the moment when he expected a kiss. He had her arrested on a charge of assault, but failed to appear before the justice and she was discharged.

NEATLY HOOKED!

A Lot of Young Mashers Who Wanted to be Sweet on the Girls.

The two dozen young men in Olean, N. Y., who stand on the outside of the village churches o' nights, waiting for the minister to finish his exhortations on the perennial, ever-continuing, ever-resplendent beauties of the God-like attributes of love, that they are receiving from the spacious vestibule in their care—a part of the audience—may make a practical demonstration, by an object lesson as it were, that the words of the preacher might make the more lasting impression, are much exercised, and are talking of appointing a "Committee of Safety" to investigate the troublesome matter, and report as to the best means of protecting themselves from what seems to be a deep laid plan to harrow up their susceptible souls (?) and cause them much deprivation and uneasiness.

The cause of this state of affairs is this: Last Saturday night a mischievous boy fixed a number of hooks on a strong wire, with barbed points, so fixed that a cord running alongside the wire and manipulated from the end would invert the hooks; he then got some small pieces of timber, fixed them securely in the angles of the masonry between the front doors of one of the village churches, fastened the wire above mentioned securely to these about three feet from the ground, and fastened the string in such a way that it was not noticed during the next day.

Sunday evening, just before the last hymn, three or more Charlies, two or more Willies, and John, and Rob, and Norm, and the other boys, sauntered up in twos and threes and ranged themselves in their accustomed places, leaned back against the church—the hooks penetrating their summer trousers silently and unknown—and waiting until it should be time for them to practically demonstrate the theoretical lesson of the preacher. The benediction is pronounced, the organ peals forth, the doors swing open, and the first one out is a boy, who seemed to be playing with a string for a little moment, when he disappeared, and the crowd came surging out. One after the other the young men started to join the young ladies of their choice; they would take one step, a bewildering, surprised look would come over their faces; their hands would move involuntarily to the rear, and they would settle back, light a cigarette, and look as unconcerned and smiling as it was possible to do. One after another the whole line went through this little pantomime, and settled back, while the young ladies went wondering and indignant alone to their homes.

"Charlie," said Frank, "let's go and take a walk."

"No, I'm not going 'till the rest of the fellows do."

Each one knowing himself to be fast, and not suspecting that the others were in a like situation, wanted to be the last to move.

Finally, William, ever full of expedients, said, "I'll tell you, boys, I'll give the word and we'll all run across the park, and the last one to the corner shall buy the cigarettes."

"Agreed." "One, two, three," a conclusive effort, a rattling noise like wire, and they were off, with a rear view that the short English sack coats made far from imposing, leaving what a casual observer might have taken for a row of light-colored iron holders in a variety of designs suspended against the church. Nobody waited to see who was last at the corner, each thinking it absolutely necessary that he should "get home early to-night, boys," and none of them suspected the enormity of the fraud until they severally met at the tailor's early the next morning, each with a brown paper parcel, that wanted "mending a little."

And now, as they meet and are "cut" by their "owney dears" on the street, and in vain endeavor to get an opportunity to explain their strange conduct, they vow vengeance loud and deep against the power that obliged them to resign their seats, and made their short coats an annoyance and a sham.

COOL IMPUDENCE.

A Murderer Accurately Describes Himself to the Officers and Walks.

During the early portion of last week a brutal murder was perpetrated in Hart county, Ky., by a man named Brashear, who made his escape. Two days after there came galloping into Breckenridge, Ky., three strangers, all heavily armed—one bearing a formidable-looking army musket, a second carrying a double-barreled shot-gun, and a third with a brace of monstrous navy revolvers buckled about his waist.

This trio of interesting strangers were in quest of the fleeing Brashear. Likewise they were exceedingly loquacious and boastful of what they intended doing. It is even said, though this may be exaggeration, that to every man they failed to confide their plans they sent word of their intentions.

Finally they came across a citizen who remembered to have seen Brashear at Hardinsburg that morning. Back to Hardinsburg they galloped, and managed to stumble on his trail,

They followed upon his track with such accuracy that they reached a farmer's house after dark, and when the farmer and Brashear came out to the fence in response to their call, told them who they were and the cause of their warlike appearance.

They even went so far as to confide to them their plans and purposes, and detailed how they intended to capture their man. Then up spoke the bold Brashear and gave a pretty fair description of himself, and asked if that was the portrait of the man they were after. The very man himself, they assured him. Then the unconscionable murderer assured them that they were not more than an hour behind the villain, for he had seen him pass along the road, going in the direction of Hawesville.

After thanking him for his information, they galloped on after the mythical Brashear, while the genuine article, when they had gone beyond recall, picked up his grip-sack, coolly informed his host that he was the veritable Brashear they were after, thanked him for his hospitality in the shape of a good supper and promised lodgings for the night, bade him good-bye and good luck, and vanished in the darkness. It is needless to add that the Hart county trio failed to secure the fugitive.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DARLING.

A Bold Barber Bigamist Elopement With a Milk Dealer's Wife.

John Harner, the barber whose shop was in the rear of the Pacific Hotel, Kansas City, has "skipped the town." His partner and acquaintances say that he left everything behind on the appearance of a Chicago detective who came at the instance of a deserted wife.

Harner is described as a master of mean pretensions and of a superior external appearance. The ladies went wild over his pale and melancholy face which looked so like a poet's, and his beaming majestic eyes. He came several weeks ago from Chicago bringing with him a beautiful young lady with an appearance of not over seventeen years of age whom he called his wife. He was given a position by Napoleon LeBlanc, who knew he was a good barber and who later opened with him the new shop in the Pacific House. The furniture in the new shop, however, belonged to LeBlanc and Harner was to pay for a half interest with his earnings.

The young lady spoken of as Harner's wife, appeared to be completely infatuated with him and he with her. She spent most of her time with him, and they would send out for their meals and eat them together in the shop. One day a lady, who had known the pseudo Mrs. Harner in Chicago, saw her on the street, and informed Mrs. LeBlanc that she was the eloping wife of a Thirty-first street dairyman in Chicago, and that Harner had deserted his wife in Chicago and left her destitute. Mr. LeBlanc questioned Harner about the matter, and he acknowledged to certain past weaknesses, but said that he had reformed them now. He said that the Chicago woman was his mistress, but that the woman he had brought with him was his real child-wife, whom he had rejoined, intending to make amends for the past and lead a better life. All went well until another gentleman from Chicago dropped into the shop and recognized Harner as a man who had shaved him there. Going back home he again with intent to get shaved went into the old shop, and remarked that he had seen the missing barber in Kansas City, and a beautiful young lady in the shop, who had also caught the Chicagoan's eye. The news of Harner's whereabouts was thus communicated to his deserted wife, and she dispatched a detective to look up her recreant spouse. Mr. LeBlanc and the men in the shop said that Harner and the pretty little girl from Chicago had fled. They told the following particulars in addition about the missing barber:

Mr. LeBlanc said that Harner worked in a shop on Twenty-second street in Chicago. He knew he had worked there, because he had been employed by the man to whom he (Mr. Blane) sold out the shop. He now learned that the young lady he brought with him was the wife of Ed. Coles. Coles claimed, however, that he did not want her back and that Harner was welcome to her. He said that Harner formerly lived in Cleveland, Ohio, and was married there. He ran off to Indiana, where he married another woman, and afterwards his first wife died. He afterwards eloped to Chicago with another woman, but his wife followed him and from Chicago to Kansas City with the dairyman's darling. The patrons of the shop who have seen the girl, describe her as very beautiful and very much smitten with Harner.

HE KEPT HIS OATH.

About the time of the war, a man named French became too intimate with the wife of J. D. Farley, of Davis Creek, W. Va. French left there and went to Ohio, where he remained until recently. Upon his return Farley, who had registered an oath at the time to kill French, met him and emptied a load of buckshot into his body. Some thirty shots took effect, and he will probably die. Farley has left the country. He is now 60 years of age, and his victim near 45.



THE NEWEST IN ELEVATORS.

HOW A CONTRACTOR'S DAUGHTER MAKES USE OF THE MOTIVE POWER PROVIDED AND CAUSED A SHORT SUPPLY OF BRICKS; N. Y. CITY.

"Take Him Off!"

A prominent lawyer of Waco, Tex., had a visitor last week in the shape of a rabid dog, which bounded into his office and got to work on the lawyer's legs without delay. The lawyer sought safety on top of his desk, and danced in a lively manner to the tune of the dog's growls and his own lusty screams for help. Assistance finally came, and the dog was killed, after which the lawyer ceased his jig and made tracks to the nearest tailor's to repair damages.

Burt Wilkinson.

On the night of Aug. 24 last Marshal Ogsbury, of Silverton, Col., was murdered by Burt Wilkinson, Dison Eskridge and a negro known as the "Black Kid." They all escaped at the time, but the "Kid" was soon captured and placed in the calaboose. On the following day, Aug. 25, he was taken from the lock-up and lynched by a vigilance committee. Burt Wilkinson was caught on Sept. 3 in Animas City by Ike Stockton. He was taken back to Silverton, and the night of his arrival was taken from the jail and lynched. Wilkinson



JOHN KEENAN,

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF P. HENSLEY; CHICAGO, ILL.



BURT WILKINSON,

MURDERED MARSHAL OGSBURY AT SILVERTON, COL., ON AUG. 24TH.

was a young man, not twenty till the 23d of October, stout and well built, and originally from Park county, Indiana. He has been in Colorado and New Mexico for the past eight years, and the killing of Ogsbury was his third victim, so far as is known.

She Saw Snakes.

A lady in Alden, Ill., was quietly sewing one day last week when she felt her chair shake. She paid no attention to it, but in a moment afterwards she was startled by seeing the head of an immense black snake, opposite her face. She screamed with fear, and the snake quietly uncoiled and started through the door. It was pursued by a hired man, who had heard the cries for help, and killed. The snake measured six feet four inches from tip to tip. The lady was uninjured.

John Keenan.

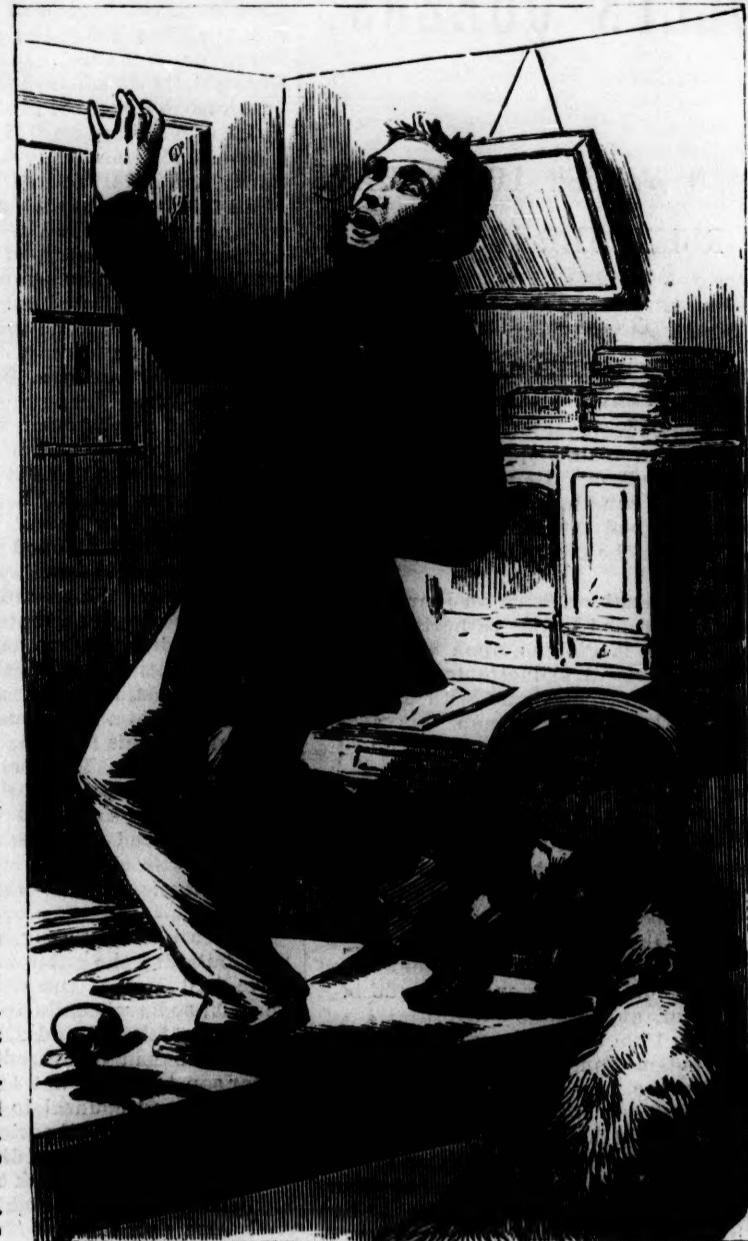
On the 8th inst. John Keenan was found guilty of the murder of P. Hensley, in Chicago, in November, 1879, and is now under sentence of death. Keenan and two others entered Hensley's house for the purpose of robbery. Hensley jumped out of bed, and as he did so, was shot and instantly killed. The robbers fled but left a shoe and a revolver which enabled the police to fix the crime on Keenan.

The Newest in Elevators.

A contractor in the upper part of New York city is the unhappy father of an irrepressible daughter. She is constantly doing things she ought not to have done and leaving undone the things she ought to have done. But if the father bewails his daughter's unfortunate propensities, his employees do not. The latest freak of this irrepressible damsel occurred last week. She visited some buildings her father is erecting and bribed one of the hod carriers to take her up the ladder in his hod. He did it to the delight of the girl and a large crowd which assembled to see the sport. But the hod-carrier no longer mounts that ladder, having received his ticket-of-leave on the spot.

His Wife's Backbone.

A correspondent at Sand Beach, Mich., relates the following incident of the forest fires: This morning a rather respectable looking



"TAKE HIM OFF."

A CANINE INTRUDER WHO INTERFERED SERIOUSLY WITH THE MAJESTIC PROGRESS OF THE LAW; AT WACO, TEX.

farmer came to the hotel, having, as he said, been burned out. While in conversation with him he produced a section of spinal column from a roll of paper, and complacently informed me that it was all he could find of his wife, who was destroyed with their house. The grim relic was returned to the paper with the observation that he would cherish it to his dying day. It is seldom that a man can so clearly demonstrate what kind of a backbone his wife had.

A Six-Year-Old Murderer.

Near Sellersburg, Clark county, Ind., on last Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Yarbrough went to the Benton farm to visit the family of Thomas Ball, taking her infant child, aged eighteen months. During the afternoon Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Yarbrough went out to see a neighbor, leaving the infant in charge of a six-year-old child of Mrs. Ball, the latter telling her little son to take good care of the child. While the women were absent the infant became restless and cried, and to make it stop the little boy took up a strap with a buckle upon it, striking the child upon the head. The injury brought on convulsions, which resulted in death.



"SHE HAD THE SPINE!"

A BEHEAVER MICHIGANER EXHIBITS HIS WIFE'S BACKBONE TO AN ADMIRING CROWD; SAND BEACH, MICH.



'SHE SAW SNAKES.'

AND WITHOUT A POTTE, TOO—THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR WHO INTERFERED WITH THE MAKING OF A FALL DRESS AT ALDEN, ILL.

Charley Norton, Champion Light-Weight Pugilist.

This noted pugilist was born in Birmingham, England, in 1852. He stands 5 feet 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height and weighs when trained 132 pounds.

Norton's first essay in the ring was in 1870, when he fought George Kemp of Birmingham, for a purse. Norton settled Kemp in nine rounds fought in twenty-eight minutes.

At the Midlands Norton won the trophy, defeating among the competitors Jimmy Highland, Jim Carney, Pat Perry and Bill Davis.

In 1875 Norton was matched to fight Boxer Bradley, but the match ended in the latter paying forfeit.

Norton was then matched to fight Jimmy Highland for £50 and the Light-Weight Championship of England.

The battle was fought near Birmingham, England, on February 8, 1877. Both pugilists entered the arena in capital condition. After the pugilists had fought half an hour, 2 to 1 was laid on Norton, but he was injured by a fall in one of the rounds that followed and Highland was again made the favorite. The battle lasted for thirty-six rounds, fought in 1 hour and 25 minutes when Highland was declared the winner.

The battle demonstrated that Norton was a first-class pugilist, and there is not the least doubt but that Norton might have won had he not met with the accident.

In 1878 Norton fought Pat Perry a glove fight under the Queensbury Rules for £50 and the light-weight challenge cup. The men fought at St. Helena Gardens near Birmingham, when after fighting thirty-eight rounds in 2 hours and 30 minutes in the broiling sun Norton had the best of the battle but the referee left the ring for some strange reason and the battle ended in a draw.

Shortly after Norton was matched to fight Barney Malady of Birmingham, but the match came to nothing as both pugilists were arrested and Norton was bound over to keep the peace.

In July, 1879, Norton left England for America with the intention of trying to get a match on with some of the light-weights here but did not succeed. Early in 1880 Harry Hicken, of Philadelphia, issued a challenge to fight him for the light-weight championship and \$500 a side, which Norton accepted and posted \$50 forfeit at this office to meet Hicken or his backers to draw up articles. No one on behalf of Hicken putting in an appearance the match fell through.

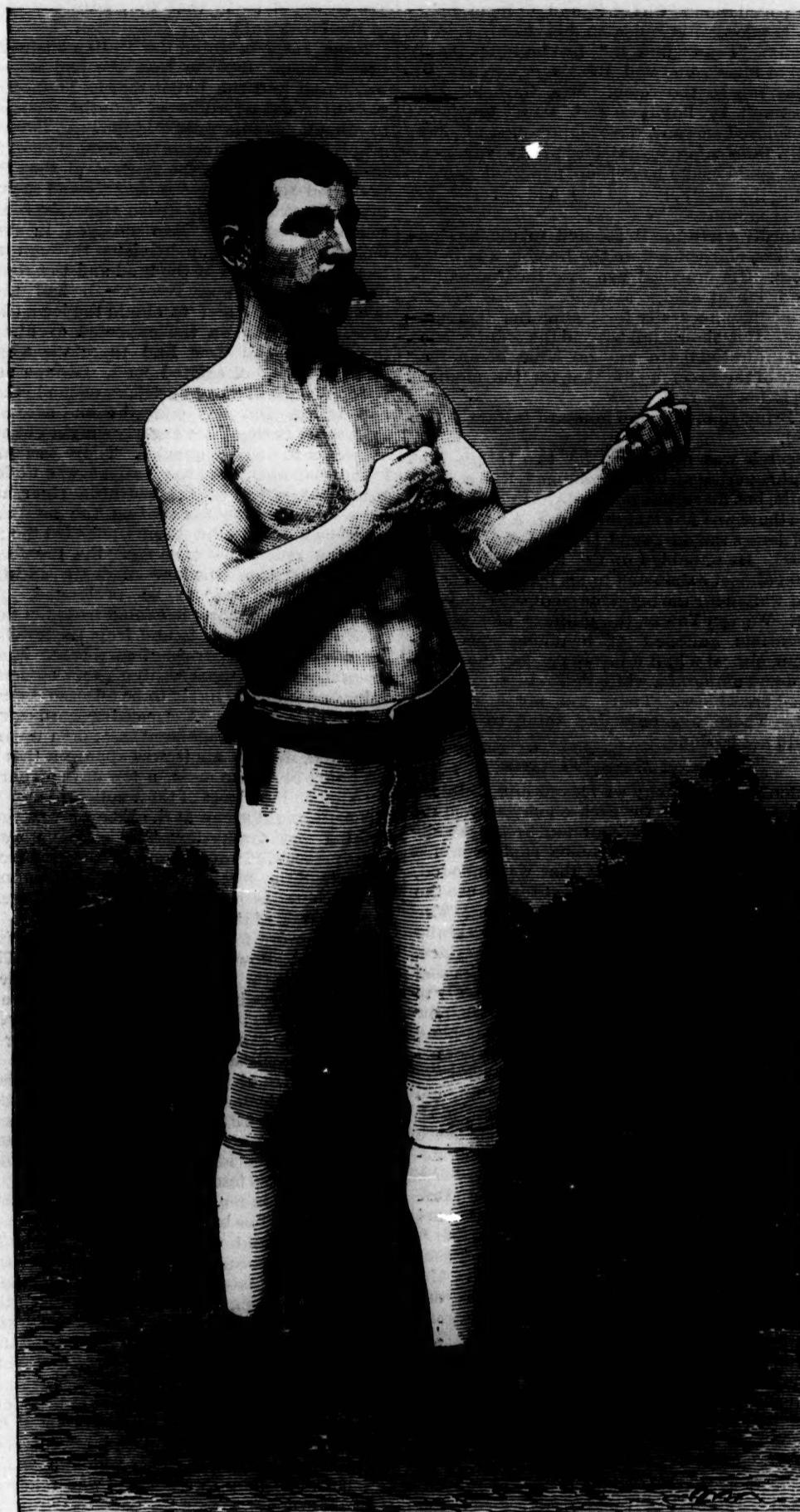
In May, the same year, a match was arranged for Norton to go on to Baltimore and fight a glove fight with Fred Heath of Providence, for \$500.

It took place on the 24th of May. Norton won after 6 rounds in 24 minutes.

On the 30th same month, he fought Charley Scott of London, Eng., a glove fight for \$100 at the Odeon Theatre, Baltimore, and won after four rounds had been fought in 12 minutes. Scott stood 5 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and weighed 165 pounds while Norton scaled 135 pounds.

On the 18th of October, 1880, Norton fought Mike Mullery of New York, a glove fight for \$250. This took place in Providence. Mullery is two inches the tallest and scaled thirty pounds heavier than Norton.

The fight lasted two hours during which 30 rounds were fought and ended in a draw, Norton having the best of the fighting all through.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

CHARLEY NORTON,

CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF AMERICA.

Photo by Wood, 208 Bowery.

Since, Norton has been eager to fight any man in America for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship. He posted \$50 at the POLICE GAZETTE office with a challenge, but no pugilist dared to fight him. The challenge is still open to any light-weight in the world.

Fourteen to One.

There is in Indianapolis a young girl of exceeding beauty and attractiveness, who has just escaped from a torture indescribable. She has been outraged by fourteen ruffians, and bore numerous bruises given her by her assailants. A reporter went to the hotel where the girl is to seek confirmation of the report from the young girl's own lips. As he entered the room the girl was lying in bed, and he was struck with her beauty, perfect complexion, eyes of deep blue and luxuriant tresses. With tears in her eyes she related her sufferings as follows:

"My name is Ada Mangram; age seventeen. I was born in White county, Illinois, and at the age of ten removed with my parents to Mount Vernon, Illinois. After living there a few years my parents died, and I was compelled to work for a living. Last November I went to Lawrenceville, Illinois, and entered the household of County Clerk James A. Dickerson as a servant. A short time ago I made the acquaintance of—(she here named three young men respectfully connected). Last Thursday morning they came to me and asked me if I wouldn't like to take a pleasant walk a short distance from town. Not suspecting any wrong, I joined them, and together we walked away. When we had gotten some distance from town we were joined by eleven others. They then began making indecent proposals to me, and finally forced me to the ground and began their inhuman work. For two days I was kept in the woods and compelled to hold intercourse with these fourteen men. My sufferings cannot be described. They then brought me to Lawrenceville and put me upon a train going to Vincennes, telling me not to give them away. I will do it, however, and try and bring them to justice. When I arrived in this city an officer procured me lodgings at this hotel. Where I shall go next I do not know, as I am an orphan, without a living relative on earth."

The young girl closed her narrative with a sob, and hid her face behind her hands. Her limbs were terribly lacerated, and her clothing torn and dirty.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness.

A singular case of suicide occurred last week in St. Louis, the self-slayer being Bernard Behr. He made his preparations for the suicide with the greatest deliberation. He took a bucket up into the garret, set it in front of a chair, took out a razor and honed it, and laid it down near the bucket. Then he went down stairs, put on a clean shirt and his best suit of clothes, and told his wife he was going out, and bid her good-bye. He returned to the garret, pulled off one shoe and stocking, rolled up his pants, put his leg in the bucket, and with the razor made seven or eight cuts across the calf of his leg, from half an inch to an inch deep. A few minutes afterward he was found in a dying condition by a member of the family. The bucket was over half full of blood, and the man was still bleeding. He died in a short time.



BETTER THAN FIRCH.

HOW A TENDERFOOT IN CALIFORNIA SECURED ORDER IN SCHOOL AND PERSUADED HIS SCHOLARS TO UNITE IN PRAYER.

GARFIELD DEAD!

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE ENDED.

To the Solemn Dirge of the Restless Waves, the noble Spirit of the Chief Magistrate Passes to His Maker.

The Curtain Falls on the Terrible Tragedy Enacted on the Ever-Memorable Second of July.

THE NATION MOURNS ITS LOSS

Chester A. Arthur takes the Oath of Office at Midnight before a Supreme Court Judge ... A Solemn Scene ... The Sympathies of the People Extended to the Afflicted Wife and Fatherless Children. The Remains Lying in State.

WILL GUITEAU GET JERSEY JUSTICE?

A Meeting in the Woods at Midnight ... The Excitement Intense ... Scenes and Incidents on the Receipt of the Sad Intelligence.

President James A. Garfield is dead. He expired at twenty-five minutes to 11 o'clock on the night of Sept. 19. General Swain and Colonel Rockwell had entered on their watch, expecting to have a quiet night, but at fifteen minutes to ten the President suddenly put his hand to his heart and said: "Oh, what a pain!" When asked where he felt the pain General Garfield exclaimed: "Oh! oh!" Colonel Rockwell felt for the pulse, but could not find it. Dr. Bliss and Dr. Agnew were immediately summoned, and on their arrival they pronounced the patient to be in a dying condition. Mrs. Garfield and her daughter being notified of the sad fact they came into the death chamber with Mrs. Rockwell and other friends. The President gave no further sign, and continued to sink rapidly until at twenty-five minutes to eleven o'clock Dr. Bliss announced that all was over. Mrs. Garfield bore the terrible trial bravely. The news of the President's death spread rapidly all over Elberon and Long Branch, and in a few minutes the whole country was in possession of the fact. Thus closed the career of the twentieth President of the United States, he having held office for precisely two hundred days, eighty which were passed on the bed of suffering. A nation has thus been deprived by assassination of its chosen leader, and the Vice-President assumes the reins of government.

The following is the official announcement of his death:

"ELBERON, N. J., Sept. 19—11:30 P. M.

The President died at thirty-five minutes past ten P. M. After the bulletin was issued at half-past five this evening the President continued in much the same condition as during the afternoon, the pulse varying from 102 to 106 with rather increased force and volume. After taking nourishment he fell into a quiet sleep about thirty-five minutes before his death, and while asleep his pulse ran to 120, and was somewhat more feeble. At ten minutes after ten o'clock he awoke complaining of severe pain over the region of the heart and almost immediately became unconscious, and ceased to breathe at twenty-five minutes to eleven.

"D. W. BLISS

"FRANK H. HAMILTON,

"D. HAYES AGNEW."

THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

The death-bed scene of the President was a peculiarly sad and impressive one. At fifteen minutes to ten o'clock General Swain and Colonel Rockwell were in the room together. They were preparing for a quiet watch, when the President said, putting his hand to his heart:

"Oh! what a pain!"

General Swain came immediately to him and said:

"Where is the pain?"

He exclaimed "Oh! oh!" and Colonel Rockwell, taking his pulse in his hand, said to Swain, "I can't find it." Swain immediately ran to Bliss' room and the alarm spread. Dr. Bliss ran to the room. Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Rockwell, Dr. Boynton and "Dan," the faithful colored servant, were summoned at once.

Dr. Bliss came in quicker to the summons than could easily have been expected considering the small sleep he has had for the last three months.

Hardly a minute, it seemed to the anxious waiters, elapsed before the Doctor was in the room. His practical eye saw the immediate condition of affairs at once. There was an immediate necessity for rising the temperature. If it should fall beyond the point science had indicated there was no hope of another hour of the precious life that for the moment lay in his hands.

"Bring ammonia and mustard instantly," he said.

Search was made for the two things that might, perhaps, have prolonged life a little while, but there was no mustard in the room, and there was no ammonia there. A messenger ran across the darkened lawn to the Elberon Hotel. He stumbled up the low porch of the hotel almost exhausted in his breathless haste and waited for the precious medicaments to be got. Warren Young, the military messenger, meantime galloped at headlong speed to camp, almost a half mile away, for the mustard and ammonia, while those in the rooms stood breathless. There was not a word to say. There was only one thing to do. It could not be done.

THROUGH ETERNITY'S GATES.

Alone among many who loved him, helpless in the presence of the arch enemy even amid all his friends, and surrounded by all the appliances that modern science could conjure up, except the two simples that were needed, the great soul of the chief went forth into the darkness. It was not all in a moment. The great heart that had fought so manfully against death so long was not stilled at once. Rallying from the exhaustion that set the seal of dissolution on his brow, he awoke only to the consciousness of physical pain. "Oh, how it hurts there!" said he again, with his hand still on his heart. Modern science was powerless. The man at last was dying. There were by his bedside those who had at their finger's end the utmost appliances of skill, the utmost resources of modern knowledge, yet death was there, and General Garfield was his victim.

Mollie Garfield was close beside him. Drs. Bliss and Agnew were there, so were Colonel Rockwell, General Swain, Dr. Boynton, Mr. J. Stanley Brown, private secretary; Mrs. Rockwell, Miss Lulu Rockwell, two messengers, Mr. H. L. Atkinson, Mr. John Ricard, Mr. Lancaster, Mr. Spriggs and two other faithful attendants.

"Oh, how it hurts here!" the President said once more; then with an uneasy motion he seemed to try to turn over, and drawing one long breath that was almost a gasp, his tortured lungs refused their service. The heart was stilled and life was gone.

As soon as the death had been announced, Attorney-General McVeagh gave notice to the Superintendent of the telegraph office in the Elberon Hotel that the government would take possession of the wires. After that time no despatches were sent from the Elberon, all news being forwarded from the West End. Private Secretary Brown came at once to Elberon Hotel, and, in a private room and to a stenographer, dictated despatches conveying the sad intelligence to all the officers of the government; to Mrs. Eliza Garfield, at Hiram; to Colonel Rudolph, at Cleveland, and Mrs. Swain, at Leavenworth, Kan. The despatches conveyed simply the news and gave no particulars.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

At such a time and under such circumstances it was no wonder that the Franklyn cottage, rising from its green lawn with the sea rolling up to it and chanting its dreary monotone, should be the focus of every curious eye. There the cottage lay, down from the busy drive, silent and undisturbed, as though the thoughts of a nation were not centred on its inmate. The artillerymen in their showy uniforms patrolling the path in front, and the folds of the national colors floating from the windows were all that could arrest attention. But hour after hour a hundred eager eyes were bent upon it, and the entrance or exit of any messenger was the signal for a general inquiry. When the physicians in attendance appeared at night each one of them was singled out for scrutiny, and it seemed as though every one was trying to read in the calm, thoughtful faces of each an inkling of what was transpiring at the sick bed they had left. On all of the medical men the care and anxiety they have undergone had left its traces, and although a few of them uttered words which were interpreted to have an encouraging significance it was clear that they believed the moment not far distant when they were to be relieved of their charge. Just at dusk, when it became known that the members of the Cabinet were about to make their usual call the interest, if it were possible, seemed to increase. All but Mr. Blaine and Mr. Lincoln were there, and as they came over the lawn from Secretary MacVeagh's cottage they, too, betrayed in their anxious and

pre-occupied looks that they were conscious of the President's early dissolution.

From early morning the feeling seemed to prevail about Elberon that the end was approaching and the bullet that had nailed the patient to martyrdom of months was soon to consummate its fatal mission. At the telegraph office the monotonous click-click of the instrument bespoke the general anxiety that prevailed throughout the country and the uninterrupted run of inquiries about the condition of the sufferer. Men engaged in great business interests, politicians through the length and breadth of the land and the representatives of foreign Powers—all had their agents on hand eager to obtain the least tittle of news bearing on the expected event. In the Elberon and West End there was a constant bustling of excited men. Groups surrounded such of the physicians as made their appearance and any one who had access to Franklyn Cottage was eagerly sought out and subjected to endless queries. There was profound suspense while the patient was undergoing the ordeal of the morning rigor, and for a space it was feared that the fatal moment had come. But then was heard the reassuring report that once more the President had slipped from the jaws of death and the weary agony was to be prolonged. All through the day there streamed from the railroad station and ran to and from the hotel at Elberon a ceaseless train of carriages. Some brought couriers representing every element, order and interest likely to be affected by the President's demise. Any passing word calculated to give encouragement was taken up and discussed, but to all it was apparent that a few hours or, at the most, a few days on earth were left to the object of their solicitude.

The midnight scene at the Elberon was very striking and dramatic. The cottages were mainly closed. People came in driving from all parts of the settlement. The correspondents gathered around the tables and took every note possible of the final scenes.

Guards were formed around the Elberon cottage and allowed no one to approach. The home of death was reserved and secluded. Few lights were burning and attendants were going to and fro. Everything seemed covered with gloom and nothing was wanting to complete the picture of desolation.

In the centre of this group of busy correspondents, statesmen, politicians and gentlemen connected with the government was a life-size picture of the President in full and brilliant health, looking out upon the surroundings of his fate.

In the Elberon men stood waiting in breathless anxiety. The balcony looking down upon Franklyn Cottage was covered with them. To every one the consciousness seemed to have come that the fatal moment was at hand. They were not long delayed. The hands of the clock pointed at ten minutes to eleven when the long anticipated and much regretted tidings came. After the patient, long enduring combat with death and the heroic struggle with suffering which fall to the lot of few men, the bullet of the assassin had completed its work and James A. Garfield had succumbed. It had come at last, the news which a whole nation had so long awaited and was ready to so deeply deplore, and at once by wire and messenger it was bruited abroad. The Elberon was a scene of excitement such as was never before witnessed there. How had the President died? What were the circumstances of this sudden taking off? Rumor, gossip, fact—all were snatched up with avidity—and then away went coaches and vehicles of every kind along the road, bound for every quarter. Horses driven at the top of their speed galloped along, messengers on foot competed with one another, and the whole cavalcade swept into Long Branch to hotel and telegraph station to speed away the tidings of the nation's loss. The West End was in an uproar and the village was wakened from the night's repose by the dreary tolling of the bell ringing out the knell of the dead President.

The news flew like lightning. Many who had sought their beds hastened themselves and hurried out to glean some word of the sad event, and the road which but a few moments before had been filled with carriages and footmen bearing off the news had now as many hurrying to the scene where the last of the tragedy was enacted. It was not till late that the story of what had happened in the chamber of death found its way to the ears that eagerly sought for it, and meantime Franklyn cottage stood as before, silent and in darkness, but the feverish anxiety of the watchers was over, and the fears and hopes that had fluctuated so often about it were set at rest forever.

When night had fallen upon Long Branch the anxious watchers of the day began to scatter and repair to their hotels or cottages, seemingly satisfied that nothing would happen till the morning. In the corridors and on the balcony of the Elberon and West End groups lounged and chatted, the cottages were darkened, and the whole line of the beach seemed to have sunk into repose. Franklyn Cottage, like the rest, seemed dark and quiet, only the gleam of light in an upper window telling that the inmates were astir. Suddenly a murmur came from the silent place. A couple of messengers scurried across the lawn to the office of the Elberon, where several who had been in attendance about the sick chamber emerged. There was a moment of excitement, and then

the word went out: "The President is dying!" It brought out to the office such as had retired in a twinkling. It was carried away by messengers and wire to the West End, where it turned a scene of quiet into one of activity and excitement. The parlors and corridors were speedily emptied; the balconies as quickly were covered with eager, bustling throngs, contending for speedy conveyance to Elberon. Then along the road to it carriages were scudding and drivers hallooing, and the silence of the place was broken by such a stir as it has not heard for long.

GENERAL ARTHUR SWORN IN.

Gen. Arthur was sworn in at a quarter past 2 on the morning of Sept. 20th, at his house. Two judges of the New York Supreme Court had been sent for—J. R. Brady and Charles Donohue. Judge Brady arrived with Messrs. Rollins and Root at ten minutes before two; but the ceremony was out of courtesy deferred until Judge Donohue's arrival at a little after two o'clock, with ex-Commissioner French.

On Judge Donohue's arrival, Gen. Arthur rose from his seat in the library and advanced to the front parlor. It is a large room; the carpet is soft and deep and of a dark tint. Heavy curtains to match the carpeting hang from the large French windows. Oil paintings by old masters hang from the ceiling. Despatches books, and writing materials were scattered all over the large table that stands in the centre.

Gen. Arthur stood behind this table facing the window, his eye was clear and his manner dignified. The gas in the library was burning dimly, and his fine, tall form stood out grandly from the dark background. Old allegorical pictures loomed out from the darkness—pictures of conquests and triumphs, of defeats and despairs—and above all was a white marble bust of Henry Clay.

Judge Brady stood on the other side of the table facing Gen. Arthur. Grouped around the two men were Judge Donohue, Elihu Root, Commissioner French, Daniel G. Rollins, and Gen. Arthur's son.

Judge Brady slowly advanced a step and raised his right hand; Gen. Arthur did likewise. A moment of impressive silence followed. Gen. Arthur's features were almost fixed. Then Judge Brady administered the oath. Gen. Arthur speaking in a clear, ringing voice:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to my best ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

After this he remained standing a moment longer, his hand still raised. No one spoke; nor did the President afterwards give expression to any emotion.

"THE NATION'S AVENGERS."

In accordance with an understanding a body of men met on Sept. 19 at nine o'clock in a little grove on the road side leading to Milburn, N. J., about half a mile above Middleville. At a previous gathering it was believed that the members of this band of masked men were farmers that had become excited by a possibility that Guiteau might escape with a light penalty, but despite the white coverings that concealed their faces it is safe to presume that many were from Newark and the Oranges. When all had assembled there were about fifty persons. Two were appointed to stand on the macadamized road and three were stationed at short distances apart in a neighboring cornfield. About a half mile further on stands the town poor-house and a farm of Milburn. Within a stone throw of the site of the meeting there is a very pretty white house, vine-covered latticework at the entrance and a sign bearing the words, "Beware of the dogs," conspicuous on a large cherry tree. After the pickets had been posted the roll was called by numbers. Every person in responding went forward and whispered the pass-word to the master of ceremonies. Sixty-two names were called and about ten were absent.

Nos. 10, 13 and 47 were asked whether the resolutions were ready to be presented and they answered in the affirmative. Thereupon the following were read:

Whereas, This association of citizens of the United States, which will be known to its members as the Nation's Avengers, feel that it is not by the divine mercy of a just Providence that we are enabled to-day to have a living President of these United States, and,

Whereas, By his straightforward and upright administration he has provoked the anger of a contemptible and cowardly assassin who sought to deprive the nation of one whose every heart throb meets with a responsive pulsation at the heart of every true citizen of the United States, and,

Whereas, In the event of the recovery of the President, which God grant may occur, but a pitiable measure of justice will be meted out to dastard whose just deserts would be the rack of the inquisition, and,

Whereas, If the worst should occur and we are deprived of our God's nobleman by the hand of this assassin, we will witness one of those every-day scenes of a legal execution wherein the assassin is made to appear a martyr.

Whereas, It has been our experience in the post that all the executions that have taken place have failed to stem the tide of assassination we deem it advisable that some more

fitting example be made of one so deserving our wrath. Therefore be it

Resolved, That from among our rank one or more shall be appointed by lot, whose duty it will be to spare neither expense nor energy to execute the orders of this body.

Signed by the Committee of Three.

In the remarks subsequent to the adoption of the above, there was little discussion, with the exception of some remarks condemning the action of Sergeant Mason and branding him as a braggart who sought either to do what he dared not or to win public notoriety. The understanding was that no person should be requested to act in the capacity of executioner for the Council who did not deem it worthy of risking his life to make an example of "all who desire to obtain notoriety at the cost of the best blood of the nation."

The drawing of lots was postponed until further might be heard from the chamber of the suffering President.

As each one walked away from the ground he was secretly informed of the next meeting and the pass-word.

The entire meeting did not occupy more than twenty minutes, as all the preliminaries had been arranged beforehand.

SPREADING THE NEWS.

The news of their father's death was not communicated to the two sons of Mr. Garfield at college at Williamstown, Mass., until the day after their father's death. They had retired and it was deemed best not to awake them to receive the sad tidings. In the morning the news was broken as tenderly as possible. The youngest seemed stricken for a moment, and then tears leaped to his eyes. The eldest brother said no word, but laying his hand upon the shoulder of his younger brother, led him away. A brief conversation occurred between the two, and suddenly a thought seemed to occur to the older, and he hastily approached the gentleman who had broken the news. He felt that they should immediately leave Williamstown for Long Branch. This had been provided for in a despatch from Attorney-General McVeagh, and an hour later they were en route for New York by a train on the Housatonic Railroad.

Shortly after the shooting of President Garfield, his little son James gave his views to a correspondent on Washington and on the Presidency:

"Tell you," he said, "none of my chums will ever aspire to be President. I don't like Washington now. Mother has been sick ever since we came to the beastly place, and now father is shot. Ambition is all very nice for school essays, but it's like other things—don't pay. Mollie, my sister, don't get along at all. She's gone to stay at Colonel Rockwell's house, where she has a chum, Colonel Rockwell's daughter, and only Harry and I are here in the gloomy place." After pause—"I hate this place. I wish I wrote columns for the newspapers, like you do—wouldn't I give it to it? I'll do it in my diary, any way."

At the Mentor home the sad news was received about eleven o'clock. The boys, Irwin and Abram, had gone to bed, and their uncle, Mr. Joseph Rudolph, thought it best not to awaken them. The tidings spread through the place, and the old bell on the little church first rang out the news to the people. The news was not broken to Grandma Garfield that night, but the terrible tidings were broken to her next morning.

The following message was received from Queen Victoria on Tuesday morning:

Mrs. GARFIELD, Long Branch:

Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you. May God support and comfort you as He alone can. THE QUEEN.

BALMORAL, SEPT. 20.

THE NEWS IN EUROPE.

The reception of the news in Europe is thus described in a cable dispatch:

LONDON, Sept. 20.—The cable message announcing the President's death arrived in London about a quarter before four o'clock this morning. The second edition of the *Daily Telegraph* appeared first containing the news about five o'clock, and was quickly followed by others. At ten o'clock the *Daily News* published a dispatch from Elberon, N. J., with more details. None of the New York correspondents of the London papers have as yet sent the news. American flags are displayed at half mast on all American offices. Sorrow is deep among all classes.

Minister Lowell, accompanied by Secretary Fish, visited the city this morning to arrange with prominent Americans for holding a meeting of citizens of the United States. The meeting will probably take place at St. James' Hall, but the date has not yet been fixed.

MESSAGES OF CONDOLENCE.

The following message has been received from the Queen:-

BALMORAL, Sept. 20, 1881.

The Queen to United States Minister Lowell:

"It is with deep grief that I and my children have learned the sad but not unexpected news of the fatal termination of the sufferings of the President. His loss is a great misfortune.

A telegram was also received from the Prince of Wales, now at Albergeide, as follows:

To Mr. Lowell, United States Minister:-

It is with deep sorrow that we learn that the President has passed away. The Princess and

myself beg you to offer our sincere condolence to Mrs. Garfield.

GUITEAU RECEIVES THE NEWS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The warden of the jail tells how the assassin received the news of Garfield's death, thus: "When I entered the cell, after the usual morning greeting, Guiteau's question to me was, 'How is the President?' I replied that I did not know. I answered him thus in order to find out if he had gained knowledge of his death. Guiteau replied, 'You ought to know. Have you not read the morning papers?' I said that I had, but could not rely on the various statements in the papers. He then said he had felt very anxious about the President the past few days, and he feared that he was nearing his end. I then informed him, watching his expression carefully, that the President was dead. He instantly sank down on his bed and appeared very much agitated. After remaining in this position for a few moments, he arose and paced the floor, muttering something to himself as if praying. He then inquired at what time he had died, and after being informed said that he was glad the President had at last been relieved from his sufferings, as he would not have committed the deed if he had known that he was to suffer as he did. Guiteau did not appear so nervous and alarmed as I supposed he would when the news was broken to him, and I do not think he knew the President was dead until I so informed him; at least, he said he did not. He does not manifest any increased fear this morning, but he has been in constant dread all along that he would be dealt with by a mob, and earnestly prays that we will protect him."

Another account says:

"Guiteau is safe at present but he has not the joy of his salvation. He fears, like the arrant coward that he is, summary justice at the hands of the people, and ever since he learned that his victim had died he has been in a condition of abject terror. He says little in response to the assurances of safety which are given him, but as District Attorney Corkhill predicted he has already resorted to fanatical tricks which will, he hopes, gain for him the reputation of being insane. As soon as the news was read at the jail the utmost precaution was taken that Guiteau should not learn it. The guards were cautioned to keep the matter a profound secret, but through some oversight, a guard doing duty in the corridor on which Guiteau's cell is located, dropped a hint and Guiteau naturally jumped at the truth. Guiteau was surprised. He would not believe the fact, but when he was told of the truth he fell upon his knees and began to pray. He was assured that no harm would come to him, and he arose and paced his cell, muttering to himself now and then and acting like a mad man."

GUITEAU TO HANG IN JERSEY.

There is a general opinion that, according to New Jersey law, when a person has received a wound in another State and is carried into New Jersey and dies, the person who inflicted the wound can be apprehended on the requisition of the Governor of New Jersey and tried for the crime. In the District of Columbia, it is argued, where the assault on the President was committed, the British common law prevails, and the result is that as the President died at Long Branch, N. J., in order to receive such punishment as the assassin deserves he must be tried in New Jersey. Most people believe that Guiteau will never reach Freehold, the county seat of Monmouth county, alive. To ascertain the exact provisions of the laws governing Guiteau's case, a reporter called on ex-Judge Shipman, one of the first authorities in such matters. He expressed himself on the subject as follows:

"The assassination of the President by Guiteau is a crime against the laws of the United States, and is punishable where the crime was committed. Further, the crime in this case being murder (so called), is punishable by death. The Federal statutes governing the crime of murder do not distinguish between degrees of murder, like most State laws. They simply prohibit and punish a single crime of murder, for which there is but one penalty. In this respect they resemble the English statutes, which only recognize one form or degree, any grade below being manslaughter; while they differ from the French code, which punishes murder without extenuating circumstances (*assassinat sans circonstances atténuantes*) with death and murder with extenuating circumstances (*avec circonstances atténuantes*), with from twenty years to life-long imprisonment. Now, as to the question whether Guiteau's crime is punishable in Jersey or not, I am inclined to think that the Jersey courts have no jurisdiction in the matter. That is, unless any statute has recently been enacted in that State to give the courts this jurisdiction. I see here that the highest court of New Jersey held that a felonious assault committed in the State of New York, from the effects of which the injured person died in New Jersey, was not punishable in that State. This would seem to be pretty conclusive. Whether, on the other hand, there is any difficulty owing to the condition of the common law in the District of Columbia to prevent the New Jersey courts from taking jurisdiction in the offense on the ground that the death occurred beyond the limits of their district. I am not advised.

The 730th section of the United States Revised Statutes, however, provides that the trial of all offenses committed upon the high seas or elsewhere out of the jurisdiction of any port, State, or district, shall be in the district where the offender is found or into which he is first brought."

Mr. Herring informed the reporter that no doubt existed as to the certainty of the assassin's trial in the courts of the "Hangman's State." According to section three of an act passed in 1797 (see Nixon's digest, 1797-1861) concerning the trial of murder in cases where the stroke and the death happened in different countries, "where any person shall be feloniously stricken, or poisoned upon the sea, or at any place out of the jurisdiction of the State of New Jersey, and shall die within the State, an indictment shall be found within the jurisdiction of the State," and the same procedure shall be adopted in his case as if both the stroke and the death had taken place on the same spot. Like provisions govern the case of the death of a person outside of New Jersey, from the effects of an injury inflicted within the limits of the State.

According to Assistant District Attorney Herring, this old law has never been abrogated nor has its action been neutralized by subsequent laws enacted in New Jersey. The natural inference is that Guiteau will hang in the latter State.

Wherever he does hang, however, no one will be likely to say that justice has not been done to him.

THE RESULT OF THE AUTOPSY.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 20.—The following is the official bulletin issued at 11 o'clock:

"By previous arrangement a post mortem examination of the body of President Garfield was made in the presence and with the assistance of Drs. Hamilton, Agnew, Bliss, Barnes, Woodward, Reyburn, Andrew H. Smith, of Elberon, and Acting Assistant Surgeon D. S. Lamb of the Army Medical Museum, Washington. The operation was performed by Dr. Lamb. It was found that the ball, after fracturing the right eleventh rib, had passed through the spinal column in front of the spinal canal, fracturing the body of the first lumbar vertebra, driving a number of small fragments of bone into the adjacent soft parts, and lodging below the pancreas, about two inches and a half to the left of the spine, and behind the peritoneum, where it had become completely encysted. The immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrhage from one of the mesenteric arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood rupturing the peritoneum, and nearly a pint escaping into the abdominal cavity. This hemorrhage is believed to have been the cause of the severe pain in the lower part of the chest complained of just before death.

"An abscess cavity six inches by four in diameter was found in the vicinity of the gall bladder between the liver and the transverse colon, which were strongly adherent. It did not involve the substance of the liver, and no communication was found between it and the wound. A long supplementary channel extended from the external wound between the loin muscles and the right kidney almost to the right groin. This channel, now known to be due to the burrowing of pus from the wound, was supposed during life to have been the track of the ball.

"On examination of the organs of the chest evidences of severe bronchitis were found on both sides, with broncho-pneumonia of the lower portions of the right lung, and, though to much less extent, of the left. The lungs contained no abscesses, and the heart no clots. The liver was enlarged and fatty, but free from abscesses. Nor were any found in any other organ except the left kidney, which contained near its surface a small abscess about one-third of an inch in diameter.

"In reviewing the history of the case in connection with the autopsy, it is quite evident that the different suppurating surfaces, and especially the fractured, spongy tissue of the vertebrae, furnish a sufficient explanation of the septic condition which existed.

(Signed),
D. W. BLISS, FRANK H. HAMILTON,
J. K. BARNES, D. HAYES AGNEW,
J. J. WOODWARD, ANDREW H. SMITH,
ROBERT REYBURN, D. S. LAMB.

THE historical value of the new book, "Guiteau's Crime," cannot be estimated. It is now in press and will soon be published by Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*. Price 25 cents, by mail, 30 cents.

BITTEN BY A TARANTULA.

[Subject of Illustration.] The pleasure of a siesta in semi-tropical countries is often marred by the dangers which are inseparable from it. Recently a Miss Hernandez, a daughter of a hidalgos near Pueblo, Mex., lay in a hammock swinging beneath the trees on the grounds near the house. She fell asleep, but was shortly awakened by a stinging pain in her breast. Looking down she was horrified to find that a tarantula, one of the most deadly of the spider-insects, had fastened itself upon her and bitten her. She rushed to the house, but before medical aid could be summoned her breast had swollen terribly. She expired the same night, and death was a welcome relief to her fearful agony.

HE RULED THE ROOST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Mister, no doubt you have all the learnin' that's required in a school teacher, but it wants more than learnin' to make a man able to teach school in Cranberry Gulch. You'll soon find that out if you try. We've had three who tried it on. One lays there in the graveyard; another lost his eye; the last one opened school and left before noontime for the benefit of his health. He hasn't been back since. Now you're a slender build, and all your learnin' will only make it worse, for all our young folks are roughs and don't stand no nonsense."

This was what one of the trustees of the district said to Harry Flotoe, when he made application for the vacant position of teacher.

"Let me try. I know I am slender, but I am tough and I have a strong will," said Harry.

"Just as you like. There's the school house, and I'll have notice given if you want it done," said the trustee.

"I do," said Harry, "and I'll open next Monday at 9 A. M."

The notice was given, and there was a good deal of excitement in the gulch and along the Yuba flats. More than fifty young people of both sexes made an excuse to drop into the tavern to get a sight at the fellow who thought he could keep school in that district, and many a contemptuous glance fell on the slender form and youthful face of the would-be teacher.

Eight o'clock on Monday morning came, and Harry Flotoe went down to the school-house with a key in one hand and a valise in the other.

"Ready to slope if he finds we're too much for him," said a cross-eyed, broad-shouldered fellow of 18.

The school-house was unlocked and the new teacher went to his desk. Some of the young folks went to see what he was going to do, though school was not called.

Harry opened his valise and took out a large belt. Then, after buckling it around his waist, he put three Colt's navy revolvers there, each six barrels, and a bowie-knife eighteen inches in the blade.

"Thunder! he means business!" muttered the cross-eyed chap.

The new teacher now took out a square card about four inches each way, walked to the other end of the school-house and tacked it up against the wall. Returning to his desk he drew a revolver from his belt, and quick as thought sent ball after ball into the card, till there were six balls in a spot not much larger than a silver dollar.

By this time the school-house was half full of large boys and girls. The little ones were afraid to come in.

Then the teacher walked half way down the room with a bowie-knife in his hand, and threw it with so true a hand that it stuck, quivering, in the center of the card.

He left it there and quietly put two more of the same kind in his belt and reloaded his yet smoking pistol.

"Ring the bell; I am about to open school."

He spoke to the cross-eyed boy, the bully of the crowd, and the boy rang the bell without a word.

"The scholars will take their seats; I open school with prayer," he said sternly five minutes later.

The scholars sat down silently, almost breathless. After the prayer the teacher cocked a revolver and walked down on the floor.

"We will arrange the classes," he said, "all who can read, write and spell will rise. Of them we will form the first class."

Only six got up. He escorted them to upper seats, and then he began to examine the rest. A whisper was heard behind him. In a second he wheeled, revolver in hand—

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, and for an instant his revolver lay on a level with the cross-eyed boy's head.

"I'll not do so any more," gasped the bully.

"See you do not. I never give a second warning," said the teacher, and the revolver fell.

It took two hours to organize the classes, but when done they were well organized.

Then came recess. The teacher went out too, for the room was crowded and hot. A hawk was circling overhead high in the air.

The teacher drew his revolver, and the next second the hawk came tumbling down among the wondering scholars.

From that day on Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch, his salary doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love as well as to respect him, and the revolvers were out of sight within a month.

They had found a man at last who could keep school.

THE murder of President Garfield, profusely illustrated in the new book, "Guiteau's Crime." Price 25 cents, by mail 30 cents. Richard K. Fox, publisher, 183 William street, New York City.

THOMAS STOKALL and Wesley Watson quarreled near Blue Ridge Creek, Ga., as to what denomination was larger, the Methodist or Baptist. Stokall plunged a knife into Watson's head, inflicting a fatal wound.

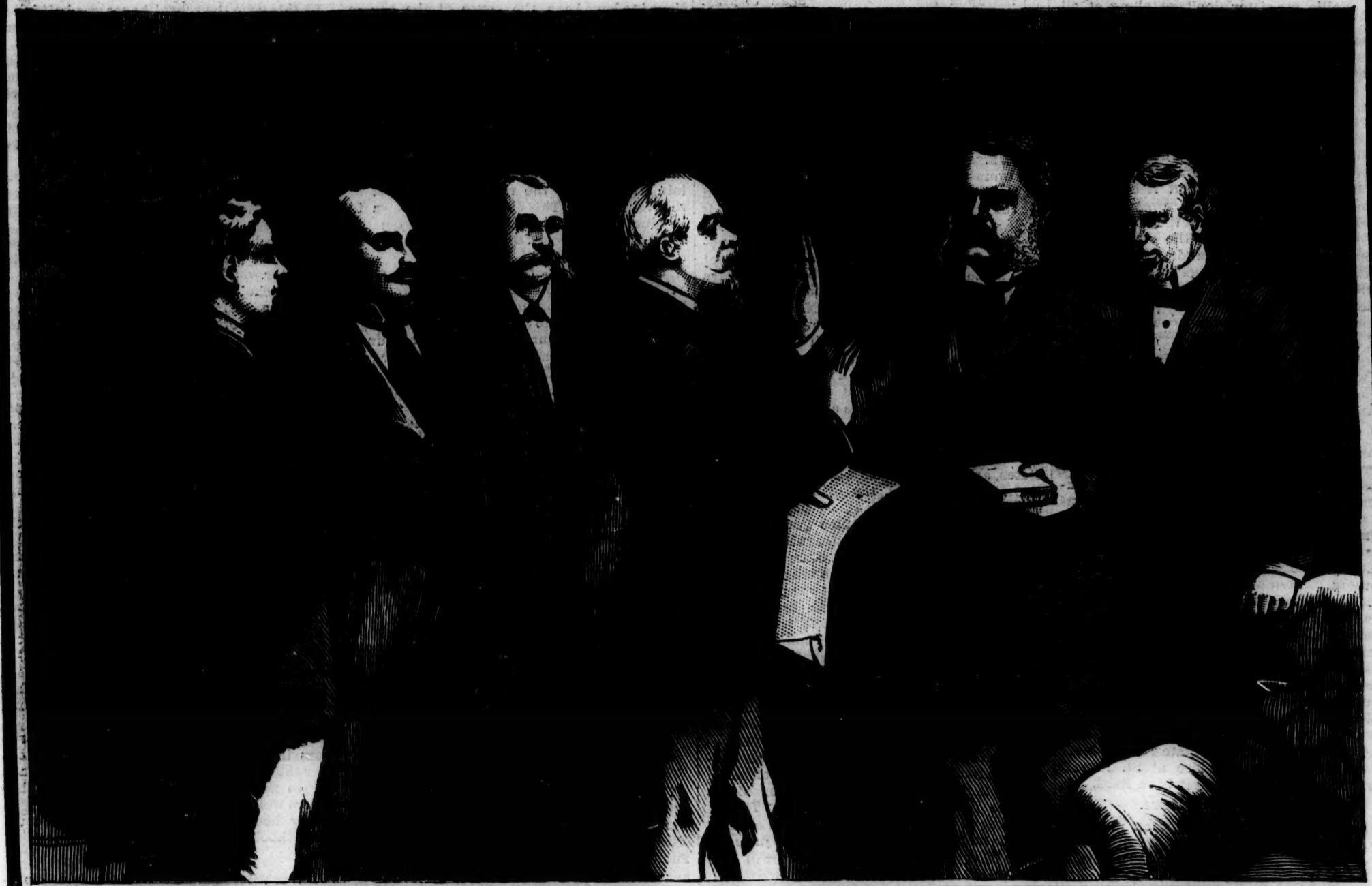


JAMES A. GARFIELD,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, SHOT BY CHARLES J. GUITEAU,
JULY 2, 1881, DIED SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN SUCCESSION TO JAMES A.
GARFIELD, SWORN IN OFFICE SEPTEMBER 20, 1881.



THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD! THE PRESIDENT LIVES!

ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO VICE-PRESIDENT ARTHUR AS PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S SUCCESSOR
IN THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S HOUSE ON LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.



THE LAST RESPECTS PAID BY A MOURNING PEOPLE TO THEIR MURDERED CHIEF MAGISTRATE.
PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S FINAL VISITORS IN THE HALLS WHERE HE MOVED AS RULER AND WHERE HE NOW RECEIVES THE HONORES OF A
NATION IN THE PANOPLY OF DEATH; WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE
MAN-TRAPS
OF
NEW YORK.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHO WORK THEM

BY A CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME CONFIDENCE OPERATORS OF GOTHAM.

It is the object of the confidence men to rob and swindle legally. They spend weeks and even months in working out a method, and in working up to its execution they bestow infinite labor in getting exact information of their "case," and spare no trouble, while often investing large sums of money before even beginning their work. With a few exceptions these operators make hotel lobbies their headquarters.

Prominent among the small army of confidence operators in this city are: "Grand Central Pete" (Peter Lake), "Boston Charlie" (Ed. Foster), "The Guinea Pig" (Harry Ashton), "Smiling Charlie" (Eddie Wall), "Windy" McDermott, "Irish Mike," John Simpson, Ike Vall, "Big" Connelly, "Black Jack," "Billy" Boynton, "The Stuff," "Kiester Bob," "The Kid," "Hungry Joe." Many of these men have escaped identification, and some of them are scarcely known outside of police circles. Among the few whose faces are in the Rogues' Gallery are: Peter Lake, "Irish Mike," John Simpson and "Hungry Joe."

"Hungry Joe" is personally remarkable. He speaks seven languages, has as many consciences, and is a danger to foreign tourists. He is a college graduate, said to be of good family, but fell into bad company and adopted his present life because its *finesse* and danger had a charm for him. He has become an accepted leader. He is about 30 years of age, with stooping shoulders, is always well dressed, and about the last man in New York whom any one would take for a swindler.

"Paper Collar Joe" is, however, the most deceptive man in the city, and his methods are decidedly original. His attire is faultless, and his gentlemanly bearing, never overdone, always begets confidence. It was he who encountered a Mississippi Senator on the night of the Garfield demonstration last fall and succeeded in getting \$600 from him. "The Kid," his "pal," or partner, had approached the Southerner in a hotel corridor the night before the demonstration, and introduced himself as the nephew of the president of a Tallahassee bank, and the Senator's friend. The fictitious nephew said that he was attending Columbia College, his appearance bore out his statement, and the Senator invited him to his room, where they had a long conversation over family matters and over the Senator's family affairs, concerning which the stranger was well posted.

They took a stroll about the city, the Florida student piloting the way, and at Tenth avenue and Twenty-Sixth street they met a friend of the student, who suggested a game of cards. The Floridian objected because he did not care to play and was not "well fixed" with money. The friend (Paper Collar Joe) insisted, and the student's opposition was not of a sort to alarm the Senator, who finally suggested that it would not be a bad way of passing an hour.

The student yielded. They played, and the young man lost and the Senator won, the "friend" holding his own. When the student was "broke," the Senator "put up" for him, but for a time kept on winning his own back. Then the "friend" began winning from both, and when the student got down to tears, which he shed freely, and the Senator had put up his watch for him and lost it, they left together. At Hotel Brunswick the student felt so badly that he thought he would go to his room and to bed, and entered the hotel. At the corner below the Senator met a friend, and while he stood talking with him he saw the Tallahassee bank's president's nephew emerge from the corridor and walk up the street and enter the place they had left a few minutes before.

The whole thing had been done so neatly that for the first time the Southerner statesman's eyes were opened. After returning to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he spoke to some friends about the affair and they, without saying anything of their intention, put the police on the case. They found the right men the next day, and not only compelled them to return the money, but, the Senator having meanwhile gone to Saratoga, compelled one of their number to go after him with the cash and an apology. He will not be taken in again by New York sharpers.

The princes, however, of New York confidence operators are three men who usually work in concert, and all of whom have made fortunes in their trade. They are "Billy" Caymond, "Charley" Hiller and "The Doctor." Men of very equal ability, they have worked together for years, and are estimated to be worth about \$75,000 each. They have prob-

ably won half a million in the operations of the last ten years. Caymond owns handsome residence and one of the finest farms in Oneida county. They have never been known to "fleece" a man for less than \$2,000, and leading politicians and commercial men from all parts of the world have been their victims at from \$2,000 to \$10,000 each.

They know almost every mile of the country, East, West and South, and have made a study of the surroundings of almost every man of wealth and political position in the country, and know more about many distant places than the men who have lived in them for years. There is a certain uniformity about their methods which seldom fails of results.

Having fixed on the stranger whom they think they can swindle, one of them takes a room in a convenient hotel, always among the best in the city, and writes a friendly note to the stranger, expressing happiness at the prospect of seeing him: "Thought you were in Colorado; only heard of your arrival today by a most fortunate accident." "Extremely busy or would call to-day," etc., etc., and ends up with an appointment to call on the following day. He calls on the stranger promptly, and makes it his business to persuade him that they are acquainted. Usually the stranger is over-persuaded against his better instincts. There is no attempt made to go beyond that point, and the graceful and gentlemanly swindler leaves with the hope that his friend, the stranger, will lunch with him at an hour named for the following day.

The "gudgeon" usually calls and finds his friend comfortably quartered in cosey apartments in an aristocratic hotel. The host opens a bottle of wine, as in duty bound, and tries to do the honors, but is overwhelmed with business. Prearranged letters and dispatches come in by the dozen, and hall-boys are kept running to his room with cards of people whom he has not leisure to see. He is expecting a couple of business men whom he should greatly like to have his friend meet. They come in after an hour and about the time the bottle is finished. They are men of address and fine appearance—evidently well-to-do business men. The conversation is on general topics and business affairs and prospects, and finally hints of the greatest sort are thrown out by the visitors for a "little game." Sharper No. 1 objects, he never plays and doesn't believe his friend does. He hasn't played a game in four years and doesn't know one card from another.

There is a good deal of pleading, the visitors are willing to play faro, or baccarat, or euchre, or old sledge, or pinnet, or vingt-et-un, or whisk, or anything else, but the sharper seldom yields until the stranger friend adds his entreaties to theirs. Then his time has come. They go at nothing rashly and can afford to bide their time. One day is as good as another, and they often lose a great deal of money in advance when there are chances for a heavy haul. As high a sum as \$5,000 has been lost by the sharers before they have begun the real effort to rob their victim. Then, by a series of winnings and losings they make gradual headway, and never leave him until he has lost everything or comes to his senses. He has no redress, and seldom seeks any. He pockets his losses, and sometimes gets wisdom.

In this way the trio once captured \$48,000 from a United States Senator and the next \$22,000 more which he brought along to win his losses back.

A trick of which "Ike" Vall was the master, was the bond swindle. Not long ago a Scranton, Pa., official came to New York intending to take the Havre steamer. On the afternoon before the sailing day, this gentleman, who was a Frenchman, was sitting on the deck of the steamer, reading, when he was approached by a man who addressed him in French. The stranger called him by name, and began talking about Scranton and its people.

The official became interested, particularly so when his new-found friend told him that he intended going to Paris, and sail on the same steamer. He told the Scranton man of a fine fur speculation he intended to engage in, and of the many bales then on board and in transit. He had a few purchases to make, and invited the Scrantonian to accompany him. He did so with pleasure. Just as they reached the end of the pier a man attired as a carman approached the pair, and, addressing the stranger, said:

"Your furs are on the pier, and here is your bill of lading. I have the bill of the goods here."

Taking the paper from the carman, the stranger answered:

"Eighty-one dollars; that's right," and then began fumbling in his pocket for the money. He had several checks, but they were of larger amounts than the bill for the furs. Would the Scrantonian advance the amount of the bill and take a \$1,000 gold bearing interest bond security? Certainly, and with pleasure. The bill is paid and the bond given to the man from Scranton. They walked half a block, when the latter thought he would look at the bond. In doing so he remarked something about the plain printing on so large a bond. Did he doubt its genuineness? If so, he (the stranger) would appeal to some gentleman on the street, and at once beckoned to a sedate and respectable looking man on the other side of the street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I AM A GENTLEMAN,"

But I Must Have Your Money.—Western Life Amid New England Hills.

A daring and startling highway robbery was committed about 4:30 o'clock last Tuesday on the stage road, a little more than four miles south of the Glen House, in Pinkham notch, N. H.

Frank W. Andrews, wife and three sons, of Boston, who have been stopping at the Twin Mountain House, in Jackson, left the Glen House in a carriage at about 3:15 on the return to their hotel. The regular afternoon stage for Glen station, fifteen miles south of the Glen House, left shortly after with three passengers, Capt. Robert Bayley, Jr., and wife of Newburyport, and John D. Carty of Boston. All were on the outside with the driver, Henry Williamson, and, just as they reached the summit of Spruce hill, a little south of Glen Ellis falls, they saw an armed and masked man standing in the road demanding money of Mr. Andrews, whom he had stopped. Mr. Andrews states that the robber first fired a pistol and then exclaimed, "Hands up," at the same time also demanding that he give up his money. Mr. Andrews parleyed with him for a while, and then the robber exclaimed, "Give me the wallet, G-d d-n you; I will have the whole of it." Mrs. Andrews, who had put the wallet under the seat, took it out and gave it to the robber.

He had previously taken Mr. Andrews' gold watch, and then demanded the chain, which was given up. In reply to some remark that had been made the robber said: "I am a gentleman, but I must have your money." After getting the pocketbook the robber opened it and handed back some railroad tickets, and said: "I don't want your tickets nor your ten-cent pieces." "Give me your pin," said the villain, addressing Mrs. Andrews, and she gave it to him, remarking that it was worth but little. "Dross," was his ironical reply. As he took it he said he would not rob a woman, only she had made such a fuss. Mr. Andrews was now allowed to drive on. The stage had stopped within sixty feet of Mr. Andrews' team. The robber, having flourished his revolver at the driver, said: "Stand back." After Mr. Andrews had gone he started back toward the stage, exclaiming, "Your turn next." The driver said: "I am in a hurry to catch that train." "I don't care a d—n if you never get it," at the same time advancing toward the stage. Mr. Carty, who sat on the seat with the driver, suggested to him to drive down upon the robber. He was then in the middle of the road. He began firing his revolver either at the horses or at the driver and passengers upon the stage. The horses became fractious and began to rear and plunge about. He then seized the leaders by the reins, but was compelled to relinquish his hold. A second attempt was made, and he was thrown down upon his hands and feet. Mr. Carty had a small pocket pistol, and had drawn it out and was attempting to fire. It went off as the robber was getting up, but the ball did not hit him. He then turned aside and entered the woods. The stage passed on and went rapidly down Spruce hill, at the bottom of which it stopped, the leaders having broken the whiffetree. They were let loose and driven ahead of the stage the remainder of the way to the station. The robber was dressed in a blouse, with a belt around the waist, in which was a pistol, in addition to the one he held in his hand. He wore over his face a gray veil, which hung to his waist, and he had the appearance of being a large, stout man. Capt. and Mrs. Bayley state that they saw two other men with slouched hats over their faces standing in the woods, one on each side of the road, not far from the stage, and they supposed them to be confederates.

DIMPLED ARMS

Cause a Wicked Reporter to Get the Grand Bounce.

Last week, a Pittsburgh, Pa., reporter learned that the directors of the Eleventh ward were going to examine the arms of the lady teachers to ascertain if they were properly vaccinated, the directors deeming that what was sauce for the pupils should be sauce for the geese—no the ducks, and therefore, the scribe hied him to the Eleventh ward school as hastily as possible.

Arriving there, he found any number of children, a few parents, and a bevy of school-maids standing in the lower hall. But there were no directors.

Taking advantage of the absence of the school-maids, the scribe tried to rope himself in as a proxy and examine the fair ones himself, in order that matters might be hurried a little and time economized. But although elected to perform the pleasant task by a majority vote of a fair minority, all his plans were spoiled by the appearance of School-directors Slagle and Blarney.

There was no use in trying to rope himself in after this, and as the directors seemed to be in no hurry to proceed while the scribe was present, he was compelled to take his departure without participating in or witnessing the delightful ceremony. But now from an awful bad boy who was delegated to take notes, the reporter learned that the two

directors didn't economize time in the least while making the examinations, and that they spent many moments of precious time in gazing upon some of the well-rounded dimpled arms. But then, who wouldn't be a school director in small pox times?

WITH THE LIVES OF A CAT,

A Supposed Murdered Man, Riddled with Bullets, has His Assailants Jugged.

A young man named Gillenwaters, was in jail at Senatobia, Miss., supposed to be the assassin of a young merchant named Easton, at Arkabutla, Tate County, some time ago. The evidence against him was only circumstantial, and he was being held until the matter could be further investigated.

On last Friday night an armed and disguised mob, all apparently young men, suddenly appeared in Senatobia, and made their way direct to the jail. They came upon the janitor and forced him to open the prison doors. Gillenwaters was then taken by the mob some distance from the town, where he was fired into. The shots took effect in his face, and he fell to the ground, face downward. Several other shots were fired into his prostrate body, when he was left for dead. Miraculous to state, the shots did not take effect in vital parts of his body, and he soon recovered strength enough to return to town and identify six of the mob, who proved to be citizens of Arkabutla. They were promptly arrested and are now in jail. It is thought that the entire crowd will be discovered and identified by young Gillenwaters.

A CATTLE KING'S LOVE

Depletes His Pocket to the Tune of Ten Thousand Dollars.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., September 12.—The famous Carter-Dickey breach of promise suit has finally been compromised. Mr. W. W. Dickey is one of the cattle kings of the west, immensely wealthy himself, and heir to additional wealth. He came to Kansas City a year ago, and met Miss Mollie Carter, one of the prettiest and most popular girls in the city. They fell in love at first sight, and an engagement resulted. Mr. Dickey went to Dayton, and while there received an anonymous letter reflecting on Miss Carter's character, which caused an investigation and the breaking of the engagement. Miss Carter, after urgent solicitation by her friends, brought a suit for \$25,000, announcing at the time that such extreme actions were forced upon her in order to vindicate her character. On Friday Mr. Dickey's lawyers held a consultation with the plaintiff, and agreed upon a compromise. The sum paid to Miss Carter is not known but it is estimated at \$10,000.

WHIPPED INTO HEAVEN.

A Brutal Farmer Thrashes an Orphan Boy to Death.

Henry Wayman, a small farmer living near Worthington's Landing, Mo., was arrested last week, charged with the murder of an orphan, Gus Weller, about twelve years old. Some three weeks ago Wayman took the boy out of the house to whip him, and when he returned he remarked to his wife: "Gus will never trouble me any more." A day or two after the whipping took place the body of the boy was found lodged against an island in the Mississippi River. At the funeral there was evidence that he had been foully dealt with, but Wayman said he had been drowned. This did not satisfy the neighbors, who resolved to have the body exhumed. When the grave was opened and the body brought to view it was found that one side of the skull had been crushed and the back broken. After these disclosures, Wayman admitted killing the boy, saying that he had only intended to whip him, but had struck him too hard. Wayman was taken to Troy and lodged in jail.

GONE TO HEAVEN FOR A TURKEY.

Ten years ago, Horn and Brown, two adjoining farmers near Dover, Chickasaw county, got into a quarrel about a hen turkey, since which time each has nursed his wrath to keep it warm, and it has spread to both families, resulting in tar and feathers twice for Horn, and the burning of the grain fields and attempted assassination of Brown by shooting into his room, where he was in bed, the bullet lodging in the bed-post. Last Sunday the Brown boys, while going to church, were met by Horn, armed with a rifle, who threatened to shoot them if they crossed a line which he had marked in the highway near his house. The boys retreated, but soon returned armed with revolvers. On reaching the dead line, Horn, who had in the meantime received reinforcements, fired on the boys, when the shooting became general on both sides. About forty shots were exchanged. Horn was shot through the body and died on the spot. The three Brown boys were shot it is thought fatally. The turkey which was the cause of the quarrel was eaten several years ago.

LOVE AND LAW

Enables a Smitten Attorney to Win the Wife of Another Attorney—A Jumble of Scandal, Divorce, Detectives and a Wayward Wife Happily Ended to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

Mr. George Haldorn, a member of the Philadelphia bar, and Miss Mary Hammond Coulter, a former client but now life partner of Mr. Haldorn, have the past ten days enjoyed conubial bliss according to the laws of the State of New York. The history of Mrs. Haldorn's conquests among the expounders of the law and of her victims in humbler walks of life is not an uninteresting one, especially as it leads to the sequel already announced.

Mary was educated at Pottstown, at a boarding-school, and there displayed a lively and vivacious disposition, winning for herself many friends by her social and genial manners. On completing her education, Miss Mary celebrated the event by visiting the classic city of Reading, where she became enamored with the Apollo of the town, Dr. Martin Luther, who fell a prey to the surpassing beauty of the boarding-school graduate, and after a brief dose of billing and cooing, incident in desperate cases of love at first sight, the handsome pair agreed to become one flesh. The wedding-day was fixed upon, but about three days before its arrival a golden tempter appeared before the eyes of the affianced bride in the person of Mr. Frederick Leaf Smith, who reckons his wealth by the hundreds of thousands, and is a distinguished member of the Reading bar. He, too, became smitten with the lovely girl's beauty, and she, it is said, became smitten with his bank account, and as both were willing to enter into a life-partnership, the contract was soon made and duly solemnized according to law. The twain started on their wedding tour, but the joy of the happy husband was soon turned to bitterness by what he deemed to be the improper actions of his young and vivacious bride. The "green-eyed monster jealousy," came between them, and the husband of only a few days saw, or thought he saw, his young wife actually smirking and smiling on New York's ex-Senator, and, worse than all, detected the lordly Roscoe returning the improper recognition. To increase the agony of the victimized husband, he found letters from the man whose affianced bride he had won, and, worse than all, in the course of his connubial infidelity, by the aid of detectives he ascertained that his wife had committed the serious impropriety of stopping at a Montgomery county hotel in company with the handsome doctor she had discarded by marrying Smith. This was the drop that caused Mr. Smith's cup of anguish and desperation to overflow. He decided to have no further transactions with his faithless wife. Mrs. Smith went to Philadelphia and made her home with a lady keeping a boarding-house on Eighth street above Locust. Mrs. Smith was as anxious to get free from the matrimonial yoke as was the disappointed lord.

The proprietress of the boarding-house was the warm and personal friend of Mr. Haldorn. Being anxious to assist her legal friend in his profession, the boarding-house lady told her friend Haldorn that she had a client for him, and that possibly there were millions in it. The young lawyer was ready for business, and his new client was introduced to him by the friendly boarding-house keeper. The beauty of Mrs. Smith was all-powerful with the susceptible attorney, and the landlady was soon ignored for the younger and more bewitching beauty, who was panting for liberty and a share of her husband's cash as alimony. The young lawyer was confident that he could obtain both for her.

Accordingly the services of the fascinating and notorious Annie Wallingford were engaged for the purpose of going to Reading under the plea of seeking advice of lawyer Smith, and of establishing in Philadelphia as a victim to the charms of the gentle Annie, when she was to bring him to the detectives employed by Mrs. Smith. Unhappily for the festive Mrs. Smith and her counsel the plan did not work smoothly, which fact they attributed to the more plethoric purse of the Reading lawyer, who is said to have turned the tables on the designing wife by buying up her confederate—the Wallingford woman. Mrs. Smith also had in her service a detective who had gained considerable reputation as a "jury fixer," for the purpose of fastening on her husband the crime of adultery; but it is said that \$1,000 of the lawyer's money "fixed" the "fixer," who played false with the intriguing little woman, and subsequently appeared as a witness against her in a divorce suit brought by the husband, in which also the discarded boarding-house keeper appeared as a witness against the wife and Haldorn.

While schemes were being planned at this end of the line to get a divorce with alimony from the husband, at the other end of the line the astute lawyer was bringing all his legal acumen into play to get rid of his wife absolutely. He engaged Detectives Franks, Rusk, and Bartholomew to watch the movements of both his wife and her counsel. The Argus-like detectives kept a vigilant watch on Mr. Haldorn's office to note how frequently and at

what times his fair client visited him for legal advice, and how often and at what hours he visited her at her boarding-house to impart legal information.

Mr. Haldorn soon discovered that he was being watched, and, so through the kindness of Mr. Harry E. Gilroy, who had an office adjoining Mr. Haldorn's, it is said that Mr. Haldorn was relieved of the annoyance of the detectives by imparting legal advice to Mrs. Smith in Mr. Gilroy's office while the shrewd officials kept watch of his vacant sanctum.

While the detectives were watching the house where Mrs. Smith was boarding, two boys employed at three dollars per week were watching the detectives, hearing their conversations, and reporting duty to Mr. Haldorn. After a time, however, the amusement became monotonous, and the patience of the lawyer became exhausted. He resolved to be freed from further annoyance from this source, and this is the plan he successfully adopted:

He engaged the services of Maggie Murphy, a lady whose name may be found on the calendar of the criminal court under the alias of "Irish Mag," and induced her to go to the house where Mrs. Smith was boarding, and there she donned Mrs. Smith's dress, hat, veil, and wraps. Mr. Haldorn subsequently called at the house for the purpose of taking the gay Maggie out to walk, knowing that the detectives would as usual "dog" his steps.

Previous to doing so, however, Mr. Gilroy, a friend of Haldorn's, John Galvin and James Jamison, both constables, and a detective named Gallagher, had posted themselves at the corner of Ninth and Spruce streets to await the coming of Haldorn and his confederate in the scheme. No sooner had he reached the street with the Murphy woman than the shrewd detectives, Frank and Bartholomew, were on their track. On arriving at Ninth and Spruce streets, Haldorn called on the officers to arrest the detectives, which they did, and the entire party went to the Central Station, where the frolicsome Maggie removed her veil, with a merry laugh at the expense of the chagrined officers.

Smith, however, persevered in his efforts for a divorce, and at last brought suit in the Reading court on the charge of adultery, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict. About a year ago she that was Mrs. Smith and now Mrs. Haldorn gave birth to a daughter, and the little girl is now living with its father in Reading.

HE STOLE HIS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

A few weeks ago Pat McNamara, a man that at one time worked as stone-mason in Brookville, Ill., but who has of late lived upon a farm at the head of Mulberry, in Ellsworth county, went to Ohio on a visit, and when he returned he brought an old German and a young married son of the German's back with him. McNamara first swindled the old man out of \$125 in buying a place for him, and then last week he got the old man's daughter-in-law to get \$900 and a gold watch that the old German had given into her possession, while he himself mortgaged his place for \$700 and collected \$2,300 back pension money. Then taking all of the young husband's clothes, they (McNamara and the young woman) took their departure for a more congenial clime. The woman is thirty years of age, is tall, angular, and about as beautiful as the wrong side of a mud-hole, has been married four times, one of her former husbands being a nephew of McCormick. McNamara is a large, raw-boned ruffian, about fifty years of age, and talks with a broad dialogue. They were last seen going toward Medina in an open buggy with a team of bay horses.

A BABY'S ODD TOY.

For a number of weeks past a two-year-old son of James Faust, of Allentown, Pa., has been noticed to pass a great deal of his time at a knot-hole on the back porch. He was in the habit of taking food to the hole and sticking it in, the hole being large enough to admit his head. He was heard to mutter as though talking to himself, and seemed to take especial delight when he was poking his hand in and about the hole. The family could not understand the child's singular affection for the spot until to-day, when his father saw a large snake on the porch. The snake darted into the knot-hole and escaped. He tore up the floor to kill the reptile, but could not find it. There is no doubt that the little boy regularly fed the snake, and that a friendship existed between the two.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

Mary Purcell, a richly dressed widow of 40, and James Stanton, a fine-looking young man, were brought before Judge Jekko, in St. Louis, and pleaded guilty of improper conduct in Lafayette Park last Sunday night.

The Purcell woman who is said to be well connected, was very neatly dressed. Stanton claimed that she had led him into the trouble, whereupon the lady remarked that man's nature was no different whether it was displayed in the Garden of Eden or in Lafayette Park, as he would always claim that the woman was at fault. The prisoners were fined \$50 each, and were hustled into the Black Maria with twelve ordinary prisoners and taken to the Work House.

HUMAN ODDITIES.

FINGER nails two inches long are the pride of a Baltimore woman.

One of a party of girls who ran a five-mile race at Rio, Texas, died from over exertion.

THE boots worn by a vain beau at Dentonville, Iowa, have cork lifts two inches thick inside, under his heels, in order to increase his stature.

A SAN FRANCISCO physician, believing that he has discovered a cure for hydrophobia, and desiring to test it, has had himself bitten by a rabid dog.

A RAGGED tramp, who was trying to sell jewelry on the streets of Chicago, was arrested because the articles offered were of real value, and it was surmised that they had been stolen. The prisoner proved to be a girl in disguise, and the jewelry was her own.

MAXIMILIAN PEPPER, a young piano-maker of Richmond, Va., accidentally shot himself in the bowels with a pistol he had drawn at a raffle. His physicians told him that he would probably die and he sent for a priest and was married to Julia Bescher, his landlady's daughter.

LAST week Mrs. Fred Wise of Cincinnati, gave her husband a severe cowhiding. Three months ago Mrs. Wise left her lord and master on account of being jealous of a young woman. The wife found Wise and his girl eating ice-cream together at a Western avenue confectionery store, where the trouncing took place.

SOMMER bought a big, savage dog, tied the beast behind the bar in his saloon, and gave notice that the first man who drank without payment would be bitten. The dog almost killed the first impecunious drunkard on whom he was let loose, and thereby ruined instead of helping the business, for his owner must pay \$5,000.

THE champion bear slayer of Calaveras county, Cal., is James Champion. Recently he went into the woods, tied a string to the trigger of a loaded gun, baited the other end of the gun with a delusive can of honey and then retired to a place of safety. Two bears were in the way when the gun went off. One carcass weighed 900 pounds.

A DENVER girl advertised for proposals of marriage. Her father published a card to say that nobody should regard it seriously as it was merely a foolish freak. The girl then came out with a declaration that, being of legal age to choose a husband for herself, she had taken her own means of getting suited, and did not mean to abandon the plan.

THE captain of a Hamburg steamer recently arrived in that port with a cargo of eleven cannibals. At first he fed them with cooked food, but they all sickened upon that diet. A large supply of raw meat, however, restored the tone of their stomachs, and by the aid of a few such delicacies as tallow candles, they reached Hamburg in good condition.

THE Indiana Secretary of State has received the following judicial reproof from a Justice of the Peace at Fort Wayne: "You are a liar when you told the paper there that I said the laws were made for me. I am a just and I know what my rights are. You are a fool. I am the worst democrat in this town and all I want is my rights. I hope you won't tell no more lies about me."

A TORONTO wife was shot by her husband, and the doctors told her that she probably would not recover: but she refused to make any statement unless they would declare that she would die beyond a shadow of doubt. "If this hurt is going to kill me," she said, "I don't mind if my husband gets hanged for it, and I'll furnish all the evidence I can. If I get well I sha'n't want him sent to prison, for I'd be pretty sure to want to live with him again."

GEORGE BANNISTER was arrested in Kansas City last Sunday for disturbing public worship at a church in the vicinity of the recent Blue Cut train robbery. While the minister was preaching Bannister jumped up and began firing off a pistol and hollering for the train robbers. He escaped at the time, but was arrested the next day, and from his actions it is believed that he has betrayed himself, and he will probably be held as one of the participants in the train robbery.

FAILURE to get a divorce from his wife has led a Moravian peasant to commit an extraordinary crime. Returning home from the court, he set fire to his own house, in which his wife then was, and the flames got so far beyond control that they not only destroyed his house but thirty-six other houses in the neighborhood, and the barns adjoining, in which were the results of the year's harvest. The wife escaped in safety, but in another house a woman was burned to death.

MARSHAL ROBERTS, living about fifteen miles from Milwaukee, had some difficulty with a man named Adams. Roberts went home, got a shotgun, and came back. Adams hid under a threshing machine. Roberts came up, put the gun under the machine and blew off the top of Adams' head. He shouldered his gun, took out a revolver and informed the men working around the

thresher if any of them wanted to follow him to come on. No one attempted to take him, and he left.

YOUNG SPURGEON was expected to die within twenty-four hours at Crestline, Ohio, and under the circumstances Miss Gray consented to marry him, though she had never reciprocated his affection, and had chosen another man to become her husband. Her amiability got her into a dilemma, for Spurgeon has recovered, and wishes to hold her to the contract. To that she will not agree, and she begs him to get a divorce, so that she may marry his favored rival. In this unsatisfactory condition the matter rests.

A NEWSPAPER OF Pesth relates that a well-known lady of that city invited a prominent actress, of whom she was jealous, to lunch at her house, and then, taking advantage of an unguarded moment cut off the actress' beautiful tresses close to her head. The victim of this act of feminine barbarity fainted dead away at first, and then went for her despoiler, tooth and nail, and sadly damaged her apparel. After that she hastened to the police and had her jealous hostess taken into custody for trial in the criminal court.

THE families of Loves and Stills, conspicuous in the Indian Territory, have long been divided by a deadly feud. Lately a Love and a Still became matrimonially engaged, and it was agreed on all hands that the wedding should be the occasion of making a lasting peace. The gathering was large, and at first greatly given to smiles, kindly words, and hand-shaking; but it was soon observed that nearly every male guest carried a pistol, and before night they came in general use. Two men were killed and several wounded.

THERE hangs in the dining room of Cottenham House, Northamptonshire, England, the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Percy, a life-like picture of the beautiful Viscountess Culle, who married at the age of fourteen, her husband being sixteen or seventeen. The peculiarities of the picture are that the lady is represented reclining, accompanied by a pair of doves, in the happy state of Eve prior to the fall. It has consequently been found expedient to provide petticoats for the Viscountess in the shape of curtains. The picture is by Sir Peter Lely.

CONFINED in the county jail at San Francisco as insane is a Mongolian, Gee Fee by name. Into his muddled brain entered the idea that he would give his jailers a scare. Accordingly he stripped himself, and taking a position under the air-holes in his cell he passed his queue through the holes and twisted it around his neck. In due time the jailer arrived, and in the dim light saw the naked Chinaman, apparently hanging dead. He raised the alarm, and an instantaneous rush was made by the scared officials, armed with knives to cut a dead man down, but as soon as they opened the door Gee Fee released himself.

TEXARKANA lies partly within Arkansas and partly within Texas, with a broad street marking the boundary. It has two mayors, and the State laws governing on one side have no binding force on the other. Arkansas made a severe enactment against the free sale of firearms, whereupon the hardware merchants moved their stores to the other side of the street, thus going into Texas, where the sale of revolvers, like their use, is free. The Arkansas Mayor issued a proclamation against the sale of liquor on Sunday, greatly to the advantage of the saloon men in Texas, until the vendors on the other side moved over and regained their customers.

AN extraordinary suicide is reported from the city of Brünn, Germany. Franz Waldek, a young man who served as secretary to a physician, agreed to fight a duel with a nobleman in what they denominated "the American style of duelling," according to which they were to draw lots to see which of the two should blow his brains out. Waldek drew the black ball. He had until the 16th of May to shoot himself, but his antagonist extended the time two months to enable him to arrange his affairs. When his time had elapsed Waldek requested a further extension, but this was refused by the nobleman, who branded him as a coward, the young man deliberately drove a bullet through his head. He left a letter commanding the girl to whom he had been betrothed to the affections of a friend, and requesting his acquaintances to make a creditable showing at his funeral.

LIEUT. D. A. LYLE has eaten grasshoppers out West, and he lately read a paper before a Springfield science association praising them as food. Although they naturally have a disagreeable smell, he says that when cooked they become pleasant to both smell and taste, no disguise being required. They can be eaten after boiling two hours, with pepper and salt, and thus prepared are not easily distinguished from beef broth. Fried in their own oil they have a nutty flavor. One drawback to their use as food is the bones in the small locusts, though in the larger ones these can be easily removed. Some residents of St. Louis have tried a dinner of these skillfully prepared, and liked it very well, and after becoming accustomed to the flavor they are considered a desirable addition to the bill of fare by some. These locusts feed on vegetable matter, and so may properly be classed as clean food.

Lieut. S. A. Cherry.

Shortly after midnight on May 8, Charles Johnson, a private soldier of Company F., Fifth Cavalry, deserted from Fort Niobrara, taking with him four horses. As soon as the desertion was discovered, a detail consisting of eight soldiers and five Indians of Spotted Tail's band, who were at the agency, were sent out under command of Lieutenant S. A. Cherry, of Co. F. with U. S. Cavalry, to hunt the fugitive. Striking the trail they found one of the horses tied to a tree. Pushing on they rode all day, but losing the trail camped at Sharpe's ranche, twenty-five miles northwest of the post. The next morning while Lieutenant Cherry was riding along with Sergeant Harrington on his right, and privates Thomas Locke and James Conroy in the rear, when a shot was fired from behind him. The Lieutenant at once turned and asked what it meant. Locke had his pistol in his hand and pretended that it had gone off accidentally, and immediately shot Lieutenant Cherry through the heart, death being instantaneous. Locke then turned and fired at Conroy, at whom it appeared



SMITTEN BEAUTY.

HOW A VENOMOUS TARANTULA IMPROVED THE SHINING HOURS AND NESTLED IN THE BOSOM OF A YOUNG LADY; NEAR PUEBLO, MEX.

he fired his first shot; Conroy was wounded and knocked from his saddle. Harrington, according to his own statement, seeing his officer shot down, and strange men rapidly advancing upon him, believed that Lieutenant Cherry and himself were betrayed by the others, at once fled. He reached the fort at half-past nine o'clock with the information. A party was sent out that succeeded in recovering Lieutenant Cherry's body and

capturing Locke, who is now awaiting trial at Fort Niobrara, by court martial.

Footlight Favorites.

Mlle. Rosa D'Erina has warbled her way into the affections of a critical, music-loving public, by one of the sweetest voices by which a human being has ever been blest. Her exquisite

rendering of the beautiful ballads of the Green Isle, has often moved the heart of Erin's exiled children and brought tears to the eyes of a sympathetic audience. She also has the magnetic touch which alone can bring forth from an organ its full power and beauty, and it was of her that Mrs. General Grant said after a performance at the White House:

"Your magnificent voice is capable of inspiring the noblest feelings of the heart, whilst your majestic organ performance we have never heard equaled." After attending a sacred concert which Mlle. D'Erina gave in the Cathedral of Halifax, the Archbishop of that diocese wrote: "You are the modern St. Cecilia of the world on the organ." Mlle. D'Erina is also an accomplished linguist, being thoroughly familiar with no less than seven different languages. She has sung before royalty in Europe and the most prominent people of both continents, and everywhere has won golden opinions by her marked abilities. She will shortly make a tour of the United States and Canadas under the management of her agent, Mr. P. C. McCourt, and will meet with success.



PRIVATE LOCKE,

ALLEGED MURDERER OF LIEUT. CHERRY; NEAR FORT NIOBARA, NEB.



LIEUT. S. A. CHERRY,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY PRIVATE LOCKE; NEAR FORT NIOBARA, NEB.



FOLLY'S QUEENS—NUMBER THREE.

MADAME DE LUXBOURG,

A BEAUTY OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST'S COURT.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

ROSA D'ERINA,

IRELAND'S PRIMA DONNA AND FAMOUS SONGSTRESS.

Herman Hilden.

On the night of Aug. 30, a young German named Herman Hilden shot and instantly killed Paul Kimmer and mortally wounded a woman who was living with Kimmer as his wife in Milwaukee. Hilden tried to escape but was caught and lodged in jail. The boy simply said that his mother had acted so badly that he could not stand and see it go on any longer, and that he purchased two revolvers in St. Louis, where he lived for a year or more, and went to Milwaukee expressly to kill either or both parties. The general supposition is that the mind



HERMAN HILDEN,

CHARGED WITH MURDERING HIS MOTHER'S PARAMOUR IN MILWAUKEE, WIS.

glars fled, and the only clew which the police had was a common caudal which they dropped in their flight. From this they soon captured William Thomas and a man named Crawford. Crawford was discharged, but Thomas was found guilty last month, and sentenced to 17 years in the Joliet penitentiary.

Phoebe J. Sniffin.

Mrs. Phoebe J. Sniffin has attracted more or less attention for several years past, through scandal which connected her name with those of various persons in White Plains, New York, and elsewhere. She is at present defending an action for divorce which will shortly be tried before a jury, and in which some rich developments are expected.

But She Isn't Glad.

Annie Kelly, the 13-year-old daughter of Mrs. Mary Kelly, of Peoria, Ill., left home last Thursday, and her mother has been looking for her without success. On Saturday she received the following postal card, mailed at



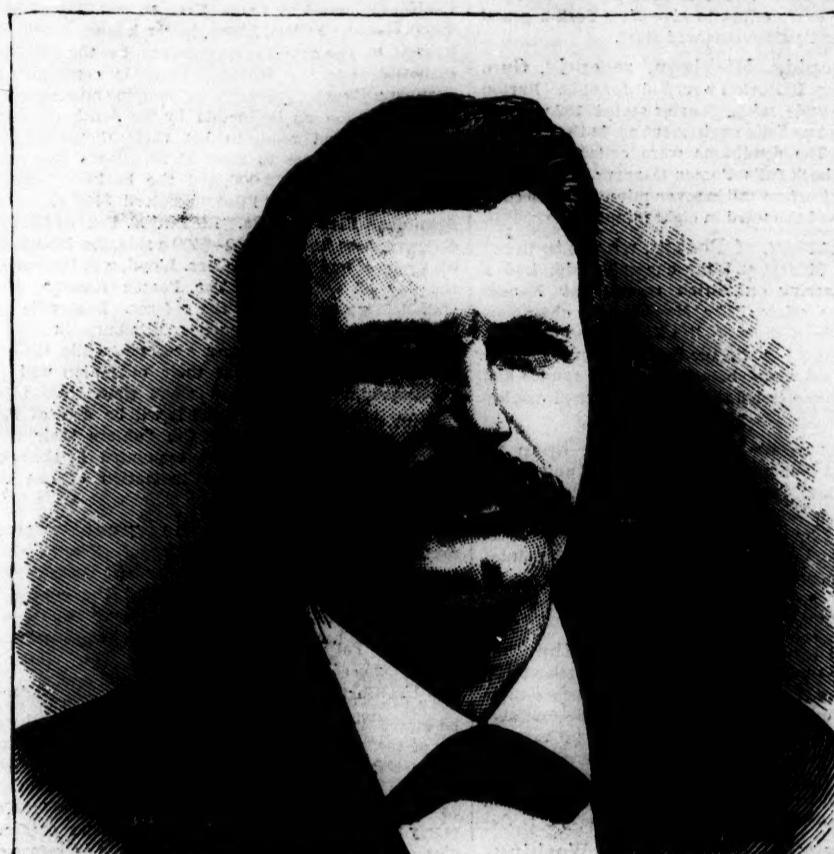
WILLIAM THOMAS,

SENTENCED TO SEVENTEEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT FOR MURDERING HYRAM P. ALLEN; CHICAGO, ILL.

Peoria without date or signature, which partly explains matters:

"Annie went away on the P. P. and J.; you need not look for her. She will be a married woman when you see her again. She is gone with a nice colored man. We bought him a nice suit, and he takes her with him. Annie will do well. You may be glad."

Notwithstanding all these assurances the distracted mother is anything but glad and if she can catch the nigger he will have to wear a wig or be bald-headed during the remainder of his natural life. Annie, if she is caught, will probably



CAPT. H. W. HOWGATE.

EX SECRET SERVICE OFFICER, CHARGED WITH STEALING \$250,000 FROM THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

of the boy has been impaired for some time back. In the jail he acts as though nothing extraordinary had occurred, and refuses to talk with reporters about the tragedy.

Capt. H. W. Howgate.

Within the last month social circles in Washington, D. C., have been excited over the flight of Capt. H. W. Howgate, and the discovery that Uncle Sam is minus some \$250,000 through having trusted the captain in the Treasury Department. The present whereabouts of the gay captain is unknown, and the secret service officers are paying more attention to securing the government by seizing Howgate's property than to hunting him up. In this case, the crime was due to women and woodcock, and not the worn-out wine, women and song. Howgate had an extravagant passion for woodcock, both in season and out of season, and an equally strong passion for feminine beauty. Although a married man, it is said that he kept no less than three mistresses, or at least he put up for one and made the government pay for the others. The portraits of these "ladies" will shortly be published.

Worse than a Ghost.

Bert Harris camped out in Dog-n Canon, U. T., one night last week. About 12 o'clock he awoke and discovered that he and his bedding were being dragged down the mountain side by a huge grizzly bear. Harris was almost paralyzed with fear but managed finally to wriggle out of the quilts, drop to the ground, and crawl away among the rocks. The grizzly went some distance with the bedding, but finding that his expected prey had escaped, he set up a dismal howl. Harris stayed shivering in the canon for the remainder of the night.

William Thomas.

On the 15th day of Feb., 1880, two burglars entered the house of Hyram P. Allen, in Sandwich, Ill. Allen discovered them and in the fight which ensued he was killed. The bur-



PHOEBE J. SNIFFIN,

THE DEFENDANT IN A SUIT FOR ABSOLUTE DIVORCE ON NINETEEN COUNTS; WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

be soundly spanked, if not sent to the House of Correction.

Robbed and Challenged.

Ex-Minister Isaac P. Christiancy was robbed last Friday of diamonds and other jewels valued at \$6,000. The property belongs to an American lady who had married a Peruvian and who, during the war between Chili and Peru, claimed the protection of the United States. Having lost the bulk of her fortune, she intrusted the jewels to Mr. Christiancy, who brought them to this country.

Mr. Christiancy, upon returning to his hotel late the same evening, after an interview with his counsel, found the following letter in his box:

"THURSDAY,

"To the Hon. I. P. Christiancy:

"SIR: Unless you prefer to confine yourself to assaults upon women to warfare in print, and to similar methods involving no physical danger, you will please meet me at any spot in Virginia which you may designate, within 20 miles of Washington. Any communication addressed to me in care of J. Eichols, 316 D-street, North-west, will reach me. It will be wise to accept my proposition.

"Respectfully,

F. LUGENBELL." Mr. Christiancy replied by respectfully declining. Dr. French Lugenbell is a brother of Mrs. Christiancy, and, it is stated, attempted to obtain an interview alone with Mr. Christiancy on last Thursday afternoon without success.

Fleeing From the Wrath to Come.

A sensation has been caused on Allison Prairie, in Lawrence county, Ill., by the discovery that James Andre, of that locality, who recently ran away, did so to avoid prosecution by his daughter, with whom he had been committing incest. The girl, Rose, was married last Christmas to William Anderson, a young man well thought of; but when he discovered the vile work of his father-in-law, both before and after marriage, there was a separation. Thus is the girl doubly injured, and if the lecherous villain is caught it will go rough on him.



OUT IN THE COLD WORLD.

HOW A GRIZZLY BEAR GAVE A HUNTER A MIDNIGHT RIDE; DOGAN, U. T.

Sporting News

WPA NO. 213 of the

POLICE GAZETTE

will be presented a splendid engraving, containing six portraits of famous beauties of the stage. The picture will be suitable for framing and make a handsome addition to any room. New dealers should order an extra supply of above number at once.

Paper and supplement mailed on receipt of 10c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, New York.

HINDOO is booked to win the Dixie Stakes at Baltimore.

PETRONEL won the great Yorkshire Handicap in England.

CHARLEY NORTON, the pugilist, has arrived at Denver, Col.

THE POLICE GAZETTE said Iroquois would win the St. Leger.

The authorities have closed up all the pool-rooms in New York.

B. MENDELSON, the noted fur dealer, is Edwin Bibby's backer.

WORCESTER, Mass., will again be represented by a base ball nine in 1882.

E. MERRILL, of Boston, walked a mile at New York recently in 6m. 53 3-4s.

HAMM and Conley will not accept any of Trickett's and Gaudaur's challenges.

THE table of winning stallions this year will have Virgil very near the top.

HOLMES of Providence won the single scull race at the National Regatta.

DRIVER won the purse for the 2:20 class at Pittsburgh, Penn. Fastest heat, 2:26.

WHISTLER, the wrestling demon of Kansas, is wrestling with Wm. Muldoon at Leadville.

CRICKMORE with equal weights and both horses at themselves, is no match for Hindoo.

BUNGAREE, who fought a great fight with Johnny Broome in England, died here recently.

E. W. JOHNSON and Duncan C. Ross, the Canadian athletes, recently wrestled at Milwaukee, Wis.

THE Halifax (N. S.) Polo Club has challenged the Westchester Polo Club to play at the former place.

GEM won the purse for 2:20 class at Pittsburg, Penn., trotting the last two heats in 2:20 1-2, 2:21.

S. GRAY won the cup given by the Mayor of Kingston, Canada. He rowed the two miles in 18m. 40s.

JAKE GAUDAUR has challenged Conley of Halifax, N. S., to row a two or three mile race for \$500 a side.

CRITTENDON ROBINSON won the shooting match for the championship of the San Francisco Gun Club.

ED. McGLINGINCY, of Bridgeport, Conn., has not accepted the challenge of Thomas Donahue of New Haven.

THE betting rule in England is that a postponement of any sporting event over a Sunday nullifies all bets.

BILLY CLARKE, whose knuckles dusted Jimmy Elliott, Denny Harrigan, etc., now resides at Birmingham, England.

MRS. BURKE of Nebraska rode ten miles on change horses in 21m. 40 1-2s. at Des Moines, Iowa, on the 29 inst.

CHARLES DAWSON, Bridgeport, N. J., has sold to Mr. Charles S. Caffrey the trotting bred mare Lady Patchen for \$1,000.

SULLIVAN, the Saratoga pedestrian, writes that he is ready to enter a go-as-you-please race with Chas. Rowell and others.

AT Boston, Sept. 18, Trinket trotted a mile in 2:16 1-2 in an attempt to beat her record of 2:17 1-2, made at Springfield, Mass.

TRICKETT has posted a forfeit of \$200 and challenged Charles E. Courtney to row three miles at Saratoga, N. Y., for \$1,000.

If Rowell starts in the great Ennis' six-day race he will have to work hard to win that cup, for 570 miles will be beaten.

CHARLEY NORTON agrees to arrange a match with Tom Donahue, the New Haven pugilist, who recently challenged McGlinchy.

JOHN HUGHES informs us that he will go into a make-the-best-of-your-way race, 142 consecutive hours, for a stake of \$1,000 each.

THE Newmarket race-course (England) was founded by the famous Tregonwell Frampton, master of horse to Oliver Cromwell.

AT the great bicycle tournament at Attleboro, Mass., L. H. Johnson of Orange, N. J., won the first five mile race in 17m. 14 1-2s.

DENNY HARRINGTON has challenged Jack Mitchell of Birmingham, Eng., to fight according to the London prize ring rules for \$200.

AT Toronto, Ontario, Sept. 18, McKay of Dartmouth defeated McDonald of Ottawa, rowing three miles for \$500. Time, 21m. 33s.

AFTER the defeat Courtney met with at the Toronto Regatta he should give up rowing. Conley, a third class oarsman, defeated him easily.

AT Eaton Rapids, Michigan, recently, Lester L. Burton defeated George Sears in a collar-and-elbow match, winning three out of five falls.

AT Attica, Ind., recently, Frank B. Higgin, who is a very fast stylish walker, defeated Dennis Driscoll, walking ten miles for \$100 a side.

AT last advices from San Francisco, Cal., Kenan's challenge to fight any light weight pugilist on the Pacific Slope had not been accepted.

AT Melville, N. J., C. S. Stevens won a three-quarters of a mile bicycle race, beating three competitors and winning a gold medal. Time, 2m. 42s.

AT the sale of thoroughbreds of the estate of H. P. McGrath, at Lexington, Ky., Aristides brought \$3,400; Jury, \$3,000, and Susan Ann, \$6,500.

JAMES SEELEY, a Victoria, B. C., oarsman of note, is at present sojourning in San Francisco. He expects to get a number of races with the Pacific Slope cracks.

DAN ELDRED, alias "Yankee Dan," the well-known western light-weight pugilist, is now a freight conductor on the L. E. and W. Railroad and located at Lafayette, Ind.

BELLE COOKE, the champion equestrienne, offers to ride against any lady equestrian in America in a twenty mile race, with change horses, for \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side.

JOHNNY BELLY, the ex-light-weight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, opened his new store, corner of Twenty-eighth street and Seventh avenue, on Saturday, Sept. 17th.

AT Boston, September 15, Santa Claus won the great \$10,000 Stallion stakes, winning the first, third and fourth heats. Piedmont won the second heat. Time 2:17 3-4, 2:20 1-4, 2:18, 2:18.

CAPTAIN CUTHERBERT'S new yacht Atlanta, which as a member of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club is expected to do honor to Canada, is booked to sail from Belleville, Ont., for this city.

R. H. STETSON of Boston recently received five yards start from L. E. Myers, the amateur champion. In a hundred-yard dash, and beat the champion. Stetson won by five feet in ten seconds. Myers was "off."

IF Charley Rowell starts in John Ennis' six day race he had better be well prepared for a hard struggle; for there will be one, if not two, pedestrians start that will make Rowell pass the 600 mile limit.

ED. DORMAN, the noted ex-pugilist and sporting man, says: If George Taylor, the colored light-weight pugilist, will visit Chicago, that he will match him against a colored pugilist to fight for \$250.

THE fifty dollars sent on to the POLICE GAZETTE by Thomas Donohue, the New Haven pugilist, to fight Ed McGlinchy, of Bridgeport, Conn., still remains uncovered. McGlinchy declines to accept the challenge.

JOHN DANE of Alpena, Mich., who it is claimed can cover 14 feet 9 1/2 inches in one single standing broad jump, writes from Council Bluffs that he will allow Ellis three inches in a match—one single broad jump—for \$500 a side.

THE Hillsdale champion amateur four, who have won the amateur four-oar championship three consecutive times, are to be sent to England to row against the crack fours of the Thames and Tyne. Of course, they will visit Vienna.

EDWARD HANLAN's challenge to the world should satisfy the croakers that he is not afraid to row. It is our opinion that he is still able to give any oarsman in the world three boat lengths' start and win as easily as he did in England.

THE admirers and backers of Holmes, of Pawtucket, R. I., the amateur champion oarsman, claim that Frank Mumford, of New Orleans, La., did not row in the National Regatta at Washington because he (Mumford) was afraid of being beaten.

MATTIE HUNTER won the free-for-all pacing race for a purse of \$1,000 at Boston, beating Lucy, Bay Billy and Bowdy Boy. Mattie Hunter won the first, fourth and fifth heats. Lucy won the second and third heats. Time, 2:19 1-2, 2:18, 2:16 1-2, 2:19.

JIMMY HIGHLAND and Jimmy Carney, the noted English light-weight champion pugilists, have been matched to fight at 125 pounds for \$100 and the champion of England. After the battle Highland will come to New York to appear at Owney Geoghegan's.

AT the Coney Island Jockey Club races on September 18, Dwyers Brother's Hindoo and Ex-Governor O. Bowie's Crickmore ran one mile and a half for a purse of \$2,000. Hindoo carried 110 pounds, Crickmore 105 pounds. Hindoo was "off" and Crickmore won easily.

THE dog fight between "Nellie" of New York and "Spring" of Louisville, fell through. The backers of "Spring" refused to put up all the stakes—\$500—with the POLICE GAZETTE at the signing of articles, and this did not suit the New York parties, so the match was declared off.

AT the Grafton Regatta at Australia recently, Elias A. Laycock won the champion outrigger race. There were three entries, Rush and Messenger being the other two. The race was a very close one between Laycock and Rush, the former winning, after a desperate struggle, by barely half a length.

THE shooting match for a gold medal at Cincinnati between teams of ten men representing the Kenton County, Cincinnati and Independent Gun Clubs, was won by Kenton County. Each contestant fired at twenty glass balls, with the following total result: Kenton county, 164; Cincinnati, 128; Independent, 153.

CHARLEY McDOWALD, the stalwart champion heavy-weight pugilist of Canada, and George Cooke have been matched to fight for \$1,000. The battle promises to create a stir in sporting circles. Cooke has been roaming by the sea shore all summer and will enter the ring to fight any one. McDonald is said to be a "rusher."

ABE HICKEN, the noted English pugilist, and P. Maguire fought with gloves, Queensbury rules, in Australia recently. Two thousand persons paid half a dollar each to witness the affair. The condition was to fight one hour. Fifteen rounds were fought, when the referee decided the battle a draw. It was Abe Hickin's first appearance since he was defeated by Larry Foley.

AT Creedmoor, L. I., last week, in the military rifle match, the First Division contest was won by the Seventh Regiment team, who made 404 out of a possible 600. The Twelfth Regiment team made 306 and the Eleventh 307, and the Fifth 284. In the Second Division match the Fourteenth Regiment team and the Thirteenth were the only contestants. The former won. Score, 418 to 311.

AT Creedmoor, L. I., on Sept. 13, the following scores were made by the winners of the American short range championship: Massachusetts Rifle Association (first team), 476; Bridgeport Rifle Club, 453; Massachusetts Rifle Association (second team), 453; Massachusetts Rifle Association (third team), 448. Fifteen teams of four men each competed and shot the 200 and 300 yard ranges.

AT Boston, Pilot R. won the purse for the 2:21 class, who took the first two heats, Lucy C. second, and Dan Smith third. Time in the complete race, 2:22 1-2, 2:23 1-4, 2:22 1-2, 2:24 1-4, 2:22, 2:21 3-4, 2:25. Edwin Thorpe won the \$1,000 purse for the 2:19 class. Time,

2:23, 2:22, 2:21 3-4, 2:22 1-4. The 2:24 class, purse \$1,000, was won by Buzz in three straight heats. Time, 2:24 3-4, 2:23 1-2, 2:24 1-2.

PORTLAND sporting men have decided to match Wallace Ross to row Edward Hanlan on a 5-mile race for \$1,000 a side. Hanlan's challenge will be officially accepted, and Bedford Basin or Lachine will be selected for the race. Hanlan will, no doubt, insist that as the race is for the championship of the world, that it shall be rowed on Toronto Bay. Hanlan has a perfect right to name the course.

JOHN S. PRINCE, the famous bicycle rider of London, England, easily defeated Fred S. Rollinson, of New York, the reputed bicycle champion of America, at Highgate, Mass. The distance was two miles. Prince fell during the race, remounted and then won easily in 8m. 20 3-5s. W. Wilson came in second, Rollinson third. The track was made on turf. Prince rode a 53 1/2-inch Yale made by Cunningham & Co., of Boston.

AT Mott Haven, N. Y., on September 17, L. E. Myers, the amateur champion, ran 300 yards against J. T. Belcher of the Olympic Club of San Francisco and J. B. White of the Manhattan Club of New York. Myers ran the distance in 31 3-8s, beating all records, and he was presented with a medal studded with diamonds, valued at \$500. Myers' performance will open the eyes of the English amateur athletic critics.

JOHN E. ENNIS has rented Madison Square Garden for the week commencing Oct. 17 and ending 22d. During that week he will hold a go-as-you-please race of one hundred and forty-two consecutive hours, for prizes of \$1,500 to first, \$500 to second, \$400 to third, \$300 to fourth and \$100 to fifth. Ennis is first in the field and will no doubt use every effort to give New York a grand race. All the noted pedestrians will start.

AT Eaton Rapids, Michigan, recently, Geo. Scarle and Lester L. Burton wrestled for \$100. Burton weighed 185 pounds while Scarle scaled 182 pounds. The match created no little excitement as both men are expert trippers. The conditions were collar-and-elbow, best three in five fall backs. POLICE GAZETTE Rules. Burton won, gaining the first fall in seven minutes, the second in five minutes, and the third in eight minutes.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, of Boston, who is to meet Paddy Ryan for \$10,000 and the championship, had a well-attended sparring exhibition recently at Kansas City. During the affair Billy Madden, the champion light-weight, made a show of Jim King, the ex-pugilist. No pugilist attempted to win the \$50 Sullivan offered to any one who would stand before him four rounds and Madden and Sullivan ended the show by a grand display of science.

IN the Inter-State Military Match, open to any team of twelve men from any tactical unit of the different States and Territories of the Union; distances 200 and 500 yards; the regulation weapon used in the forces represented by the different teams; ten rounds at each range; the highest possible score 1,200 points, three teams competing. The New York State team won on a team total of 921, Pennsylvania came next with 910, and New Jersey followed on a record of 893.

THE charges against Shinkel, one of the Cornell crew, that he sold the race is creating no little excitement. The faculty of Cornell University announce their determination to probe this matter to its deepest depths, and lay bare the bottom facts, no matter who may be hurt. The law holds every man innocent until proved guilty, and it should be remembered that, although in all probability Shinkel is a scoundrelly swindler, it is still possible that his accusers are senseless slanderers.

WAL COURTNEY, of Stark's Point, Washington Territory, sends a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE in which he is prepared to fight John L. Sullivan of Boston, at catch-weights according to the rules of the London prize ring for \$2,000. Courtney fails to send on a forfeit to prove he means business. Courtney has the reputation of being the champion rough-and-tumble fighter of the Territory he lives in. He is 29 years of age, stands 6 feet 3 inches in height and weighs 211 1/2 pounds.

L. E. MYERS, the amateur champion runner, attempted to allow Horace Hawes, of the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco, 18 yards' start in 220 yards. The hero of two hemispheres was beaten, for Hawes won by five yards. Although defeated, Myers succeeded in beating the best amateur records at 200 and 220 yards, covering the first named distance in 20 1-8 seconds, and against 21 seconds, best previous record, and the full distance in 22 1-8 seconds, as against 22 3-4 seconds, the best amateur time.

HANLAN again traps the croakers who claimed he retired because he was afraid of Wallace Ross. The champion of the world gives a bold and sweeping答复 in which he refers to Wallace Ross, or any man in the world, a three or four foot giant, or from \$2,000 to \$5,000 a side, within six or seven months. He says this is the last offer he intends to make. If he fails to fulfill or non-fulfillment if not accepted within two weeks, will end his career as a professional oarsman. He deposits \$500 with the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE to make his offer good.

COMING events cast their shadows before. We should more from the challenges that are flying round that the wrestlers will soon invade New York and figure in a series of contests in the arena. The public will patronize bone-fide wrestling matches or exhibitions, providing the traditional "draw" business is left out. Muldoon, Whistler, Bibby, Baier, Christol and others should bear this in mind. When the public pay to witness a wrestling match, they desire to see one or the other of the contestants win. It would be a capital idea to frame new rules for Graco-Roman wrestling, so that there will be a "bar" to the "draw" business.

AN important walking match for \$500 and the 75-hour championship of America, was arranged recently at the POLICE GAZETTE office. The principals are Charles A. Morrison, the champion of the world, and Fred Krohn, the champion of America. These weightmen agreed to walk to hours hours, and the 75-hour championship of America will be awarded to the man who walks the greater distance. The purse of \$500 a side was posted with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, and the match will be held on the 19th inst. The contest is to commence on Wednesday Sept. 28th, at the Aquarium, under the management of Daniel O'Leary.

AT Little Bridge Grounds, London, England, recently, A. W. Sinclair, the English amateur champion walker, walked 120 miles in 23h. 35m. 3s. Sinclair covered the first 50 miles in 5h. 56m. 33s. From 51 miles to the finish he beat all the amateur records. He covered the 100 miles in 19h. 41m. 50s. Regarding the race the London *Referee* says: At Sinclair completing

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183 William Street, New York.

SPORTING.

MONTGOMERY, Scranton, Pa.—No.

A. GORDON, Middletown, N. Y.—Write to the Westchester Kennel Club.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—Edwin Bibby, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, is living at Central Falls, R. I.

JESSE H. BROOKLYN, N. Y.—1. The four aces win 2 straight sets are seldom played unless it is agreed beforehand.

H. W. S., Brownsville, Texas.—Bob Wooley, when three years old, ran one mile and an eighth at Lexington, Ky., in 1:54.

S. G., Jackson, La.—1. At pitch high, low, jack and gains count in that order before any other point in the game. 2. No.

DRAEMER, Pawnee City.—1. The time was nothing remarkable. 2. Sullivan and Ryan have not yet signed articles. 3. Yes.

STANHOPE, Pottsville, Pa.—1. Jim Mace is still in Australia. 2. Heenan and Mace boxed in public in this city, Feb. 11, 1870. 3. No.

P. S. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Courtney never rowed in England. 2. No. 8. The circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE is over 90,000.

F. W., Manchester, N. H.—Foxhall was bred by A. J. Alexander at Spring Station, Ky. 2. He is by King Alphonso out of Jamaica.

M. W. H., Brighton, Mass.—Yale beat Harvard in the eight-oared shell race in 1876. Harvard won in 1877, perhaps that is what you mean.

M. W., Steubenville, Ohio.—It was George H. Smith and not Bob Smith that won the Whitsundate handicap at Sheffield, Eng., June 6 and 7, 1861.

H. W., Columbus, Ohio.—1. Heenan and King fought 25 rounds in 35 minutes. 2. The stakes were £2,000. King weighed 182 lbs. and Heenan 192 lbs.

W. S., Baltimore, Md.—No. 2. Robert B. Mathison defeated Archie McComb at Denver, Col., on June 1, 1861. 3. The distance was one hundred yards.

LIONEL, St. Louis.—Mike McCool and Joe Coburn only fought once in the ring. They were matched to fight twice but the last match ended in a fiasco.

PEDESTRIAN, Kansas City.—1. The last score made in the Astley Bolt contest was: Rowell, 260 miles; Weston, 200 miles; 3-4 miles. 2. Rowell is in this country.

B. DOLAN, Salem, Mass.—1. We have not space to give all Mace and King's fights. 2. Send 35 cents for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."

G. S. F., Macon, Ga.—1. Tom Allen was born in 1840. He stands 5 feet 9 1/2 inches in height and weighs 175 pounds in fighting condition. 2. Jim Dunne, of Brooklyn, was born in County Kildare, Ireland, and not in Tyrone.

W. S., Virginia City.—1. Jim Mace and Joe Coburn were matched to fight at Pierstown, Ireland, on Oct. 4, 1864. 2. Mace never entered the ring. He left for England the night previous. 3. Yes, Coburn did enter the ring. 4. The match fell through.

E. O'C., Fort Clark, Texas.—Bill Poole and John Morrissey fought a rough-and-tumble fight on Amos street dock. Morrissey's admirers claim that he was prevented from winning and Poole's friends claim he won. 2. It was not a prize fight by any means.

H. F. J., New York.—Wm. C. McClellan and Mike Donovan fought three times. McClellan won the first battle, H. M. Beuvemeyer, of the New York Athletic Club, was referee. Donovan won the second battle. Wm. H. Borst was referee. The third battle was decided in San Francisco and ended in a draw.

M. W., Parker's Landing, Pa.—1. Harriman holds the six-day walking championship of America. 2. At Foughkeepsie, George Durfane defeated Fred Krohne in a 26-hour go-as-you-please, covering 118 miles and 28 laps. Krohne covered 102 miles. 3. Jim Mace and John C. Heenan were never matched to fight.

SCIRIO, Newark, Del.—1. If Hanlan retires from rowing then the single scull championship is in abeyance, and any oarsman can row for the title. 2. Hanlan claims that his hotel takes up all his spare time. 3. The longest battle fought in England was between Mike Madden and Bill Hayes. They fought 6h. 8m. at Edenbridge July 17, 1849.

J. P., Northampton, Mass.—Charley Norton, the English pugilist, left \$50 forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office and challenged any man in America to fight for \$500 or \$1,000 and the light-weight championship. This was your opportunity to prove your ability as a pugilist. The POLICE GAZETTE at present has its hands full and cannot spare time with you.

H. G., Mobile, Ala.—1. No. 2. Dick Hollywood, now keeping a sporting house in Cincinnati, was the feather-weight champion of America. 2. He fought Johnny Keating of Cincinnati, Ohio, in Kentucky on April 27, 1868, for \$5,000 and that title. Only three rounds were fought when Keating broke his arm on Hollywood's head and the latter was declared the winner after ten minutes of desperate fighting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANADA FUR STORE—E. MORRIS & CO.
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Lynch's Diamond Store, near 21st Street. The largest and finest assortment of Diamond Ear-rings, Crosses, Studs, Rings, Pink Pearls, Cat's Eyes, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., at prices 25 per cent lower than any other house. Send for Catalogue.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF—If you wish to see the picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage, give your age, color of eyes and hair, and send 35c. money or 40c. postage stamps to W. Fox, box 33, Fultonville, N. Y.

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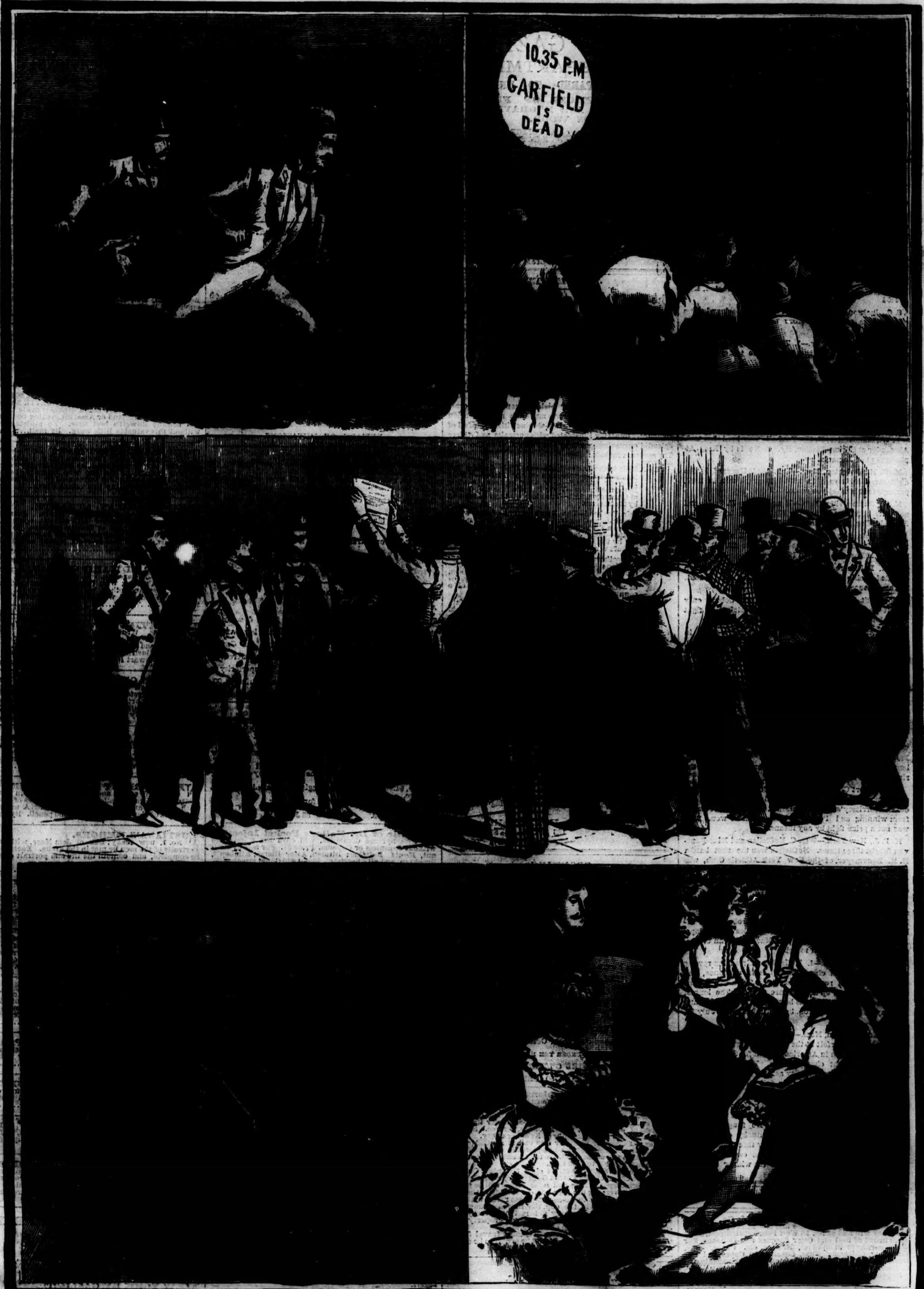
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